



THE
BRITISH MUSE:

A

Collection of Songs.



THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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GEORGE C. LANGE

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THE
BRITISH MUSE:
A
COLLECTION
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED
SONGS,

Sung at the public Places of Amusement.

By JOHN VINT, of Newcastle.

*When decent Sense, and lively Wit refin'd,
In harmless Song, or Catch, or Glee, are join'd,
They please the Ear, and edify the Mind.*

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

Printed by T. SAINT, in Pilgrim-street.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



BY JOHN H. ...

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The first line of each song.

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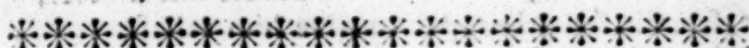
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THE
BRITISH MUSE.



BACHANALIAN SONGS.

The Bumper of Wine.

WHILE some sigh for this thing, and others
for that,
And torment their minds for what can't be come at,
Thro' life I have form'd a most noble design,
To drown all my cares in a bumper of wine.

In politics some are most deeply perplex'd,
At the state of the nation most terribly vex'd;
Let them vex if they will, I shall never repine,
But drive away care in a bumper of wine.

Young Damon of Chloe's so fond I have heard,
If she looks at another he's terribly fear'd;
O would he but follow this maxim of mine,
The gipsy he'd quit for a bumper of wine.

A

The

2 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

The doctor prescribes for the sake of a fee,
Yet his patients are seldom so hearty as he;
The reason is plain, if you mark his design,
He often regales with a bumper of wine.

The parson so grave, if you mark but the elf,
Tho' he temperance teaches, yet laughs to himself;
At night with his friends he will jovial combine,
And drink to the best in a bumper of wine.

The lawyer, whenever he makes out a brief,
Oft calls for a bumper to give him relief;
The quids and pro quos so together combine,
He'd be dead if it wan't for a bumper of wine.

Each age, each condition, you'll find it thro' life,
Good wine creates joy, and composes all strife:
Then jovially follow this maxim of mine,
And drown all your cares in a bumper of wine.

The Tippling Philosophers.

DIOGENES, furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart:

Tho'

Tho' some are so foolish to think
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tittle and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls,
But, drinking, much talk would decline;
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life.
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Crew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home;

And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence injoin
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
 Because then he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine;
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine:
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.

By

By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

The Invitation.

COME with me and taste of pleasure;
Such as drinking can bestow;
It's a bliss beyond all measure;
Fill the glass,
Let it pass,
For all mirth in bumpers flow.

When the tedious day is over,
Good companions all repair;
It will ease the fond young lover;
Sparkling wine,
All divine,
Will elate the mind from care.

See the fellow bound by Cupid,
With his nymph the hours doth pass,
Soon by love the youth's made stupid;
Lifeless fool,
Woman's tool,
Come and taste th' enliv'ning glass.

Misers glory in their treasure,
Politicians in their skill;
Those fall short of real pleasure;
Then be wise,
Take advice,
From the bowl a bumper fill.

6 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

Mighty Bacchus, from thy fountains,
The true source of knowledge springs;
Let thy juices overflow mountains,
Then we'll drink, and not shrink,
Envyng not the pomp of kings.

The Jolly Bachanal.

(Tune, *A begging we will go.*)

COME all ye jolly bachanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hog'shead
Unto our master's shrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a reason why;
'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a sup;
But had it been a gallon-pot,
By Jove I'd tofs'd it up.
And a toping, &c.

And

BACHANALIAN SONGS. 7

And ever since that happy time,
Good wine has been my cheer;
Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
But water or small beer.
And a toping; &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch nor fly;
But fill our skins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Wine does Wonders.

WINE does wonders every day,
Makes the heavy light and gay,
Throws off all their melancholy,
Makes the wisest go astray,
And the busy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old,
Women leave their coy disdaining,
Who till then were shy and cold;
Makes a niggard slight his gold,
And the foppish entertaining.

The Wish.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,

May

3 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
And ne'er a penny in's purse;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
And sing to Bacchus' praise,
May he cold water always drink,
Nor taste wine all his days;
Let him be merry, &c.

The Topers.

By JOHN VINT.

(Tune, Jolly mortals fill your glasses.)

DRINK about, brave boys, be jolly,
Wine's the source of all our joy;
Guilty he's of greatest folly,
Who lets care his mirth annoy.

Let

BACHANALIAN SONGS. 9

Let the lover pine and languish,
Drown'd in care his minutes pass;
Never will we live in anguish,
While we've power to drink a glass.

Tho' the statesman lives in splendor,
Yet he's still perplex'd with care;
'Tis not wealth, but wine that renders
All the happiness we share.

Let the wretch, whose god is treasure,
Still be hoarding all he can;
Wine's the fountain of our pleasure,
Drinking is our only plan.

Tho' the sages may attack us,
Urging we our senses drown,
They themselves shake hands with Bacchus
Oft as we, to us unknown.

Fill up, boys, the sparkling glasses,
Nothing shall our mirth controul;
Never think how time it passes,
Sitting round the flowing bowl.

The Wine Vault.

(Tune, *The bounds are all out.*)

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,
My brave boys.

My

10 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
stream,
Like stucco work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the goodfellow's god,
And a sentiment give or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No ancient more patriot-like bled;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,
View that heap of Old Hock in the rear;
Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like

BACHANALIAN SONGS. 11

Like Macedons's madman my drink I'll enjoy,
In defiance of gravel and gout ;
Who cry'd, when he had no more worlds to subdue,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly
shines,

But when wanting moisture, decays ;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die not a tear should be shed,
No *hic Jacet* be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say, A choice fellow is gone,
My brave boys.

The Bucks.

BY the gaily-circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass ;
By the hollow cask we're told,
How the waining night grows old :
Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Drives us from our sports away :
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Cupid drown'd in Wine.

YE rosy-fac'd sons of the rich purple juice,
Attend to the carrol I now shall produce ;
What

What subject so noble to chaunt o'er our bowls,
As that which we know will make happy our souls?

To make me in love, and appear like an ass,
And kneel at the feet of each proud froward lass,
The goddess of beauty had long strove in vain;
But love, while I've liquor, shall ne'er give me pain.

At length quite enrag'd that a mortal like me,
Should laugh at her power, and yet remain free,
The urchin young Cupid she bade quickly fly,
And never return till he made me comply.

The youth left Olympus, to Old England came,
Discover'd my haunts, chose a dart, took his aim;
But ere he had time to pursue his design,
I plung'd him headlong in a hoghead of wine.

And now there's an end of that troublesome boy,
The pleasures of wine we may freely enjoy;
Let Sol round the globe roll as fast as he will,
The bottle and glass shall keep up with him still.

The Revellers.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shouts and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrup'lous head,
Strict age, and four severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
Now Phœbus sinketh, &c.

The Afs.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass;
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
Deserves to be, &c.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
Deserves to be, &c.

The beau who, so smart with his well powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in the glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
May justly, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
And oft, when he's wand'ring, his lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on an afs, an afs,
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are the afs, the afs,
There you, &c.

14 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

The formal physician, who knows every ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an ass, an ass,
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and glafs;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The Charms of the Bowl.

BACCHUS invites, to taste delights
 Beneath the spreading vine:
 With wreath and rod, the itagging god
 Quaffs off the sparkling wine.

Apollo's lyre may still inspire
 The poets musing soul;
 But we descry more charms that lie
 Within the flowing bowl.

Wine of the best will give a zest,
 And every sense improve,
 Then he's an ass, that baulks his glafs,
 'Tis nectar—mix'd with love.

Let's care defy, yet ne'er deny
 To pledge the joyous heart;
 Whose noble mind, by wine refin'd,
 Still acts the honest part.

Greedy Midas.

(Inserted by desire.)

GREEDY Midas, I've been told,
 Whate'er he touch'd he turn'd to gold,
 Whate'er he touch'd, &c.
 O had I but a power like thine,
 O had I but, &c.
 I'd turn, I'd turn, I'd turn whate'er I touch'd
 to wine.
 I'd turn whate'er I touch'd to wine.
 Each purling stream shall feel my force,
 Each fish my fatal power shall mourn,
 Each fish, &c.
 And wonder at the mighty change,
 And wonder, &c.
 Shall in, shall in, shall in their native regions burn.
 Shall in their native regions burn.
 Nor shall any mortal e'er approach
 My circling sparkling mantle shrine;
 My circling, &c.
 But first shall pay their vows to me,
 But first, &c.
 And stile, and stile, and stile me only god of wine.
 And stile me only god of wine.

 The Power of Wine.

DRINK about, my dear friend,
 For, I pray, to what end
 Stands useless the full flowing bowl?

16 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

Leave your sorrows behind,
Give your cares to the wind,
And drink to each jolly brave soul.

For Alcides the fam'd,
Who monsters all tam'd,
And bound the stout porter of hell;
Tho' immortal his line,
Had it not been for wine,
Might, like them he conquer'd, have sell.

Tho' Achilles the great,
When he fought at such rate,
He slew the great Hector of Troy;
'Twas the grape's potent juice
Made him wonders produce,
And Priam's whole race to destroy.

Neoptolemus too
The same steps did pursue,
And trac'd the fam'd heroes of yore,
He'd in drinking relax,
And then Pyrrhus's acts
Were as great as his father's before.

And Ulysses the fly
Had been drinking, (for why)
When the Trojan Palladium he stolè;
For his subtle thoughts sprung,
If e'er Ajax but sung
The charms of a sparkling full bowl.

Since in drinking we find
There's a charm for the mind,
Let Bacchus then join in his train;
Drink, my lads, drink about,
Let us see the bowl out,
And once more we'll fill it again.

Jolly

Jolly Mortals.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces;
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Chloe when just going
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council-board;
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.

The Bachanalians.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
 mirth,

Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth;
 What mortals so happy, as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not inforc'd by the crown,
 And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall down,
 At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine:

18 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

To Cæsar and Bacchus our tribute is due,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
To Cæsar, &c.

His worship so grave here may revel and roar,
The lawyer speak truth, who ne'er spoke so before;
The parson here stript of his priesthood's disguise,
And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
The husband may learn here to combat the threw,
So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate,
If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:
'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
'Tis this, &c.

The Assembly of the Gods.

(Tune, *Push about the brisk bowl.*)

BY an edict from Jove, all the deities met,
On the top of Olympus one day,
To consult the true means that would pleasure beget,
And the bliss straight to mortals convey, convey,
And the bliss straight to mortals convey.

Great Juno urg'd power and wealth as the thing,
The surest to please human kind;
That splendor, and empire, a sceptre, a king,
Was all that e'er fancy could find, could find,
Was all, &c.

But

BACHANALIAN SONGS. 19

But sweet smiling Venus, the queen of soft love,
Dissented from Juno's high plan,
And said she was certain that beauty would prove
The gratefullest gift unto man, to man,
The gratefullest gift, &c.

Then Pallas appear'd with her lance and her shield,
And beauty she said was a toy,
That wisdom alone would true happiness yield,
That wisdom alone would ne'er cloy, ne'er cloy,
That wisdom alone, &c.

Apollo said harmony only could please,
That music the charm had alone,
To allay every sorrow, to soften, to ease,
Beyond beauty, or wit, or a crown, a crown,
Beyond beauty, &c.

Stern Mars was for slaughter, and glory, he said,
Was all that the soul could desire;
The shrill sounding trumpet and laurel wreath'd head,
Was a greatness the world must admire, admire,
Was a greatness, &c.

Next Momus approach'd with farcistical grin,
And jeering his council address'd:
If laughing your deities deem not a sin,
I'm sure it would please 'em the best, the best,
I'm sure it would, &c.

Now reeling young Bacchus appear'd with a bowl,
And begg'd of the court this request,
To taste but his liquor,—and swore by his soul,
That wine would please mortals the best, the best,
That wine would, &c.

The gods all consented, and took a large sup,
And own'd the most pleasure in wine;
Jove gave his command, and the council broke up,
And Bacchus came down with the vine, the vine,
And Bacchus came down, &c.

80 BACHANALIAN SONGS.

In wine is compriz'd every joy that we share,
 'Tis a friend to wit, wisdom, and love;
 It heightens the fancy, it banishes care,
 'Tis a type of the blessings above, above,
 'Tis a type, &c.

Then circle the glass, and in chorus let's join,
 To Bacchus our voices we'll raise;
 To Bacchus who planted the grape-bearing vine,
 To Bacchus is due all our praise, our praise,
 To Bacchus is due, &c.

Hail ruddy-fac'd god! our vines still protect,
 And thus we'll your bounty repay,
 With hearts, hands, and bumpers,—in every respect,
 To Bacchus we'll loudly huzza! huzza!
 To Bacchus we'll loudly huzza!

The Choice Spirits.

(Tune, *Jolly mortals fill your glasses.*)

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare;
 We're every one as rich as Cræsus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget;
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When

When grim death is looking for us,
 We're carousing o'er our bowls;
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,
 Death, begone! here's none but souls.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding
 Drinking souls can never die.

The Parson.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
 Who at cares of this world would repine;
 'Twas our sorrows to drown, & dispel fortune's frown,
 Jove sent us, Jove sent us the juice of the vine.

'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,
 And enlivens the lamp of our clay;
 The parsons' looks teach, tho' against it they preach;
 Then believe them, believe them, who pleases, I say.

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,
 Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell.
 Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong went
 the bell.

Then having a hiccup, left the chair with a hiccup,
 I must go, else the church will complain;
 But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
 priesthood,
 I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
 With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest;
 To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose,
 Crying, Excellent, excellent wine, I protest.

The

The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
 Left the church, with a sigh at the cause;
 But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're all out;
 Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

In law 'twas design'd, justice still should be blind;
 Yet she'll squint if self-int'rest doth call;
 Then I'm certain I could, o'er a hog'shead that's good,
 Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,
 Old Noah could tipple, they say;
 And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense
 Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah: huzza!

The Invocation.

COME jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure;
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure;
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That every true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian of our pleasure,
 That, under thy protection, we
 May enjoy our pleasure;
 And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises, that we may
 Live and die in pleasure.

The Hum.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
 While thus we sit round on the——Stay!
 What business have I an old song to impart,
 When I, sirs, a new one can say, can say,
 When I, sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?
 Or what best will my bad voice become?
 Why faith, sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,
 That life is, alas! but a hum, a hum,
 That life, &c.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when
 they die,
 At death they most wretched look glum;
 At our entrance and exit we equally cry,
 Which proves our life's plainly a hum, a hum,
 Which proves, &c.

Behold the conquette, with a circle beset,
 Fish for hearts by the bait of her bloom;
 Tho' she melts in each look, as by each lover took,
 Yet her softness is merely a hum, a hum,
 Yet her softness, &c.

Law & physio, you see, will make sure of their fee,
 No advice to you gratis will come;
 Nay the court proves it true, money only will do,
 For merit without it's a hum, a hum,
 For merit, &c.

Ac-

Acquaintance pretend, that your fortunes they'll
mend,

And vow to your service they'll come ;
But be you in need, and you'll find that, indeed,
Modern friendship is merely a hum, a hum,
Modern, &c.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,
(But let us be modest and mum)
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,
Religion with them is a hum, a hum,
Religion, &c.

In a hum let's keep off (till we've liquor enough)
Our landlord from entering the room :
In the joke to succeed, we'll declare to Jack Speed,
That his reck'ning we'll pay by a hum, a hum,
That his reck'ning, &c.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd
into earth,
To an end of my jokes then we come :
Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take
another,
And let's make the most of a hum, a hum,
And let's make the most of a hum.

The Merry Companions.

IN wine there is all that in life you can name,
It strengthens our friendship, in love aids the flame;
Then since, my brave boys, our life's but a span,
Let's live all our days, and let this be the plan,
To drink, my brave boys, and drive away sorrow;
If the cash holds but out, we'll ne'er ask to borrow;
If the cash holds but out, we'll ne'er ask to borrow;
'Tho' poor rogues to-day, we'll be rich rogues to-
morrow.

May

HUNTING SONGS.

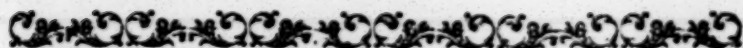
25

May we live in a village, not far from a town,
With a bed for a friend, if he chance to come down;
With a pack of good hounds, that when we awake,
We may mount the brisk hunter, and draw the next
brake.

May our dishes be good, not nice of their fort,
And our cellars well stor'd with old claret and port;
With a few bumper glasses to tofs our old glories,
As our fathers and grandsires have oft done before us.

With an honest buck chaplain to grace a round table,
Who will drink while he can, and no longer than able;
Who will drink till his face is like claret so red,
Or like old Airds the parson (God rest him) he's dead.

Thus, as we have liv'd, may we close the last scene,
Quite free from all hardship, and free from all pain;
That the young ones may wonder, and the old ones
may stare,
And amaz'd both cry out, O what friendship was
there!



HUNTING SONGS.

The Fox and Hare Hunters.

TO chace o'er the plains the fox or the hare,
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring;
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more blest than a king:
When ever we hear the sound of the horn,
Our hearts are transported with joy;
We rise and embrace with the earliest dawn,
A pastime that never can cloy.

C

O'er

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
 No danger our breasts can invade;
 The hounds in full cry our joys will renew,
 An increase of pleasures display'd:
 This freedom our conscience it never alarms,
 We live free from envy and strife;
 If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
 Can ne'er such a happiness know;
 The grandeur and pomp, enjoy'd by the great,
 Can ne'er such a comfort bestow:
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
 Our pleasure's ne'er taken amiss:
 We hunt all the day, and revel all night;
 What joy can be greater than this?

Come rouse Brother Sportsmen.

COME rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters
 all cry,
 We've got a strong scent and a favoring sky;
 The horn's sprightly notes, & the lark's early song,
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us a glimpse of his face,
 Peeps in at our windows and calls us to chace;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush at the beams of his ray.

Young Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down,
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;
 But

But tell her that love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms there are charms in the
chace.

Look yonder ! look yonder ! old reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follow Brisk, Chanter & Fly :
They've seiz'd on their prey—see his eyeballs they
roll,

We're in at the death, now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses & toast to the king,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;
To George peace and glory may heaven dispense,
And foxhunting flourish a thousand years hence.

The Joys of the Chace.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented
thorn ;

Then sound, brother sportsmen, sound, sound the
gay horn,

Till Phœbus awakens the day.

And see, now he rises, in splendor how bright !
IO Pæan ! for Phœbus, the god of delight,
All glorious in beauty, now banishes night ;

Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace !
Health, bloom & contentment, appear in each face,
And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,

While we the fleet stag do pursue !

At the deep & harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd with terror he bursts from the forest's wide
bounds,

Yet tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Still, still we shall keep him in view.

When chac'd till quite spent he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter so mighty of fame :

Our glasses then charge to our country and king,
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing,
Wishing health and success, till we make the house
ring,
To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

Away to the Copse.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
dawn,
The thrush, melodious, drowns the rustic notes,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away to the copse, to the copse lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play,
See yonder he flies thro' the grounds.

Come

HUNTING SONGS.

29

Come spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em,
my bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn;
What concerts are equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn?

The hounds and the horn,

The hounds and the horn,

The hounds and the ho—o—o—o—o—orn,
What concerts are equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn?

Each heath that he tries, see he tries it in vain,
His cover no safeguard can find;
He breaks it, and scours it, and scours it amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,

All hazard and danger we scorn;

Bold reynard we'll follow until that he dies,

Chear up my good dogs with the horn.

My good dogs, &c.

But now he scarce creeps, scarce creeps thro' the
dale,

All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer, no longer prevail,

Nor his cunning his life can prolong:

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled,

See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn,

The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,

And shout to the sound of the horn.

To the sound of the horn,

To the sound of the horn,

To the sound of the ho—o—o—o—o—orn.

The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,

And shout to the sound of the horn.

With Horns and with Hounds.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away ;
 I tuck up my robes, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon :
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks :
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

NOW Aurora is up, the bright goddess of day,
 Let us hail the gay nymph of the morn ;
 Bid the shepherds and maids tune their tabors
 and play,
 Bid the huntsman attend with his horn.

To slavish dull rules let the cit be confin'd,
 Let him toil day and night too for wealth ;
 To hunting and fowling our lives are consign'd,
 And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copse, just opening to sight,
 View the young tender brood, and prepare ;
 Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing
 their flight,
 True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.

When return'd from the chace, let the bumpers
 go round,
 Let us merrily revel and sing ;
 In women and wine true harmony's found ;
 Fill your glasses, and toast to the king.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

THE high pois'd lark salutes the op'ning dawn,
 The dripping cowslips rear their dewy heads,
 Across the copse the ruddy milkmaid chants,
 And Phœbus tints with gold his Wicklow hills.

A I R.

With well scented hounds, & with jolly ton'd horn,
 We'll rouse the proud stag with the first of the morn;
 See, see from the covert how stoutly he springs;
 Hark! hark! the pack opens—'tis music for kings.
 With scorn and disdain how he snuffs up the wind,
 He leaps the park wall, and he throws us behind;
 No more he perceives us, gets rid of his pain,
 Tan ta ra! says echo—they're with you again.

Thro' woodlands then he leads the sweep,
 He fords the river, climbs the steep;
 The brow he gains—he stops—he turns,
 He fears—he pants—he chills—he burns.

To the herd then he scours amain,
 His suit to the herd proves in vain;
 He faints!—he drops!—the huntsman cries,
 Dead! dead! ware haunch!—he dies! he dies!

THE sweet rosy morning peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and
 fields;
 The merry, merry horns call, come, come away;
 Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.
 The merry, merry, &c.

The

The stag, rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in fully cry;
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.

The day's sport when over, makes blood circle
right,
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night.
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the
day.

A Way to the fields, see the morning looks grey,
And sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace:

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
Then hark in the morn, &c.

But O! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While, joyous, from valley to valley resounds
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark in the morn, &c.

See

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
Borne by their bold courfers, no danger they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace, quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

The Morning Call.

By J. VINT.

TO the chace all repair, jovial sportsmen repair,
Aurora peeps out, see, the goddess of day;
Bright Phœbus will soon thro' your windows shine
clear,

And chide your dull slothful delay.

Then come, my brave boys, come & saddle your steeds,

See the dogs carol eagerly round,

All ready to fly o'er the plains and the meads,

At the huntsman's melodious sound.

What sports are so noble as those of the chace?

What pastime more happiness yields?

O'er rocks and o'er mountains bold reynard we'll trace,

Thro' vallies, o'er hedges and fields:

And at night, my brave boys, we will quaff the full
bowl,

When reynard in triumph we've borne;

For a cup of the best (not too much) will, my souls,

Make us fit for the chace in the morn.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away,
 Come the grave, come the gay,
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
 Ruddy health bloom'd each face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man make a prey,
 Still let ours be the pray of the field;

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods, how great the delight,
 How our mortal sensations refine;
 Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now

Now to horse, my brave boys,
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

RECITATIVE.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

AIR.

With musical horn salute the gay morn,
Those jolly companions to cheer;
With enlivening sounds encourage your hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you'd find out his lair, to the woodlands repair,
Hark, hark, he's unharbour'd, they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain we gallop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods, thro' forests and
floods,

The stag flies as swift as the wind:
The welkin resounds, with the cry of the hounds,
That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care, pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain, we leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo!

Lo! the stag stands at bay, the pack's at a stay,
 Then eagerly seize on their prize;
 The welkin resounds, with the chorus of hounds,
 Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.

The Echoing Horn.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox,
 Q'er hill, and o'er valley he flies;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him: huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day.
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fairs:
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

HARK away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn;
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the cut-lying deer.

CHORUS

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

All the day long, this, this is our song :

Still hollooming, and following, so frolic and free.
Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the
hounds :

No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow !
While the hills they all echo—Holloo !
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our shoots they resound to the skies.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel !
Which alone they who taste can reveal.

Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
Its different notes each feather'd warbler
tunes :

The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear ;
The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,
And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

A I R.

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now
Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,
Till we reach yonder farm on the brow ;
For there lurks the thief that must bleed,

D

I told

I told you so, didn't I?— See where he flies,
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly sound,
 Encourage the hound,
 And float thro' the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

The chace began, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thund'ring course retard,
 Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,
 Then—to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

A I R.

O'er that, and old beer of his own,
 That is sound, bright and wholesome, we'll sing,
 Drink success to Great George and his crown;
 For each heart, to a man's with the king :
 And next will we fill to Jove's fav'rite scene,
 The rich Isle of Saints—Britannia I mean ;
 Where men, horses, and hounds,
 Can be stop't by no bounds,
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sporters so keen.

A Duett.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the trees doth
 adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn ;
 When the ant'ling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain ;
 But still we pursue, and now come in view,
 Of the glorious game.

O see

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed;
 But ah ! 'tis in vain, in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose their
 cries ;

For now his strength fails, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented hounds
 Surrounded, he dies.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains
 with gold,
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 behold ;

The lark's early morn'g proclaims the new day,
 And the horns chearful summons rebukes our delay.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
 vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory & wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
 With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands
 to roam,

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

THE grey-dappled east proclaims the bright
 morn,

And the hills and the meadows appear;
 The sportsman is rous'd with the sweet bugle horn,
 And prepares for the chace of the deer.

The keen-scented pack open wide for the chace,
 O'er mountains and woodlands they fly;
 Thro' field and thro' forest his footsteps they trace,
 And the vallies re-echo their cry.

Hark! hark! how their voices now wake in the
 wind,

Now gently decline with the gale;
 While the swift footed coursers are panting behind,
 And the shouts of the huntsmen prevail.

The dogs are at fault—now he's lost—now he's
 found,

Now they urge their intrepid career;
 While the stag seeks repose in the thicket profound,
 And listens and trembles with fear.

He

He startles, he runs, till fatigu'd with the race,
He awhile keeps the pack at a bay ;
The tears trickle fast down his sweet dapple face,
And the blood trickles faster than they.

He falls and he dies, 'midst the clamorous throng,
Then home all the sportsmen repair ;
Crown the eve of the day with a glass and a song,
And sleep in the arms of the fair.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning doth
peep,

Come rise up, you sluggardly sot :

How can you, how can you, lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback have got, my brave
boys.

While we all on horseback have got.

I cannot get up, for mine over-night's cup

So terribly lies in my head ;

Besides my wife cries, My dear, do not rise,

But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, draw on your boots, and saddle your mare,

Without any longer delay ;

For the cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,

Will chase all dull vapours away.

Hark, hark, how the huntsman has started poor
puss ;

He has her now full in his view :

We'll never forsake her, till we overtake her,

So eagerly let us pursue.

No pleasure like hunting to pass the long day,
 We scour the hills and the dale ;
 At night, for our supper, we feast on our prey,
 When over a pot of good ale.

Since thus, my dear Kate, the summons you hear,
 Your toying, I prithee, give o'er ;
 And be of good cheer, at night I'll be here,
 And cuddle you o'er and o'er, my dear girl.

The Hare Hunter.

TO the woods and the fields, my brave boys
 haste away,

Our sport is to follow the hare ;
 For the morning is clear, and delightfully gay,
 Sure nothing with this can compare.

Then our horses so swift, and courageously bold,
 Our hounds so well scented and fleet ;
 Hark, hark, they're all off, they're crossing the field,
 Let's pursue then with courage and heat.

See, see, how poor pussy redoubles her speed,
 Thro' bryars, brakes, hedges, she flies ;
 With the hounds in full tone, & Old Ball in the lead,
 Sweet echo resounds to the skies.

But behold on a sudden, the hounds are all lost,
 She's squatted, and now pants for breath ;
 'Till alas ! she soon finds, and that to her cost,
 The pursuit will soon finish in death.

Then huzza, my brave boys, let us hasten to crown
 The pleasures of this happy day ;
 For our spouses & sweethearts we'll never disown,
 But be always blithe, jolly, and gay.

LOVE



LOVE SONGS.

To-morrow.

YOUNG Damon to Chloe was telling his tale,
 As they rambled along in a flow'ry vale,
 Of his flame, of his passion, his love and his truth,
 Coquettish the maid, rather bashful the youth.
 At length taking heart, tell me, Chloe, I pray,
 When my love you'll reward? let me name but
 the day:

Then squeezes her hand, with a face full of sorrow,
 But the pert one reply'd, Why, I'll tell you to-morrow.

Next day full of glee to his fair one he hies,
 His heart leap'd with joy, pleasure danc'd in his
 eyes;

He meets his dear Chloe, her promise to claim,
 Again fondly press'd, that the day he might name:
 But the cruel tormentor, on mischief still bent,
 Bids him stay till to-morrow, till then be content;
 And as to the day—but pray leave off your sorrow,
 Indeed I can't say, but I'll tell you to-morrow.

Enrag'd, he resolv'd all her tricks to repay,
 And strive in his turn to be frolic and gay:
 With Phillis now Damon each morning was seen,
 Arm in arm in the dale, or else walking the green.
 'I was

'Twas there they met Chloe, all frolic and air,
 But the sight unexpected—Lord how she did stare!
 In his face nought but joy, not the least signs of
 sorrow;
 So by her he trips, with—Your servant, good
 morrow.

With jealousy fir'd, for she lov'd the dear boy,
 She determin'd she'd never be silly and coy;
 If again he entreated, his love she'd return,
 For she found the fierce flame in her bosom did
 burn.

He saw her soon after, requested her hand,
 She freely consented to wear the soft band:
 But when? says the swain, full of joy, not of sor-
 row:

To-day, if you please—we'll ne'er think of to-
 morrow.

The Birks of Endermay.

Sung by Mrs Baddely, at Ranelagh.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Endermay.
 Among, &c.

For

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade,
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice,
Let us, like them, then sing and play,
About the birks of Endermay.

Guardian Angels.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
Send, ah! send the nymph I love;
Deign, O Cupid! to direct me,
Lead me thro' the myrtle grove.
Bear her my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell her I love and I despair;
Say it's for her I live,
Tell it's for her I grieve,
O may my fair one prove sincere.

'Mid secluding dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night;
Near some purling rill's meander,
Where she erst has blest my sight.

Witness

Witness ye groves and falls of water,
 Echos repeat the vows she swore :
 Can she forget me ?
 Will she reject me ?
 Shall I never see her more ?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
 Deep in some sequester'd vale ;
 There with mournful cadence swelling,
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale.
 There will I vent my grief and sorrow,
 Pleasure never more pursue ;
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell,
 Why I bid this world adieu.

Under the Rose.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

LAST midsummer eve, as I pass'd thro' the
 grove,
 I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love ;
 My heart was transported, you well may suppose,
 I gave her a kiss, but 'twas—under the rose.
 She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown,
 Don't fancy, young swain, I'll be kiss'd by a clown ;
 I'm courted by Strephon—see yonder he goes ;
 Still I gave her a kiss, but 'twas—under the rose.
 Come, come, dearest charmer, I tenderly cry'd,
 I care not for Strephon ; I'll not be deny'd,
 He's false to young Phillis ; he very well knows,
 My heart is right honest, tho'—under the rose.

IF

If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do?
(She answer'd in anguish) No men sure are true.
O yes, my dear girl (I reply'd) don't suppose,
But Damon is constant, tho'—under the rose.

If you love me (she cry'd) here then freely I give
My heart and affection, as long as I live.
I led her to church, and she does not suppose,
But Damon is constant, tho'—under the rose.

Kate of Aberdeen.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light:
To courts begone, heart soothing sleep!
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep,
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:

At

At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green:
 Fond birds! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves desportive play;
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay:
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

Willy of the Dale.

Sung by Mrs Hudson, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the fields I chanc'd to stray,
 To hear the linnet's song,
 I met a shepherd on my way,
 The blithest of the throng.

He stopt, and gave my cheek a pat,
 And told a tender tale;
 Then stole a kiss—but what of that?
 'Twas Willy of the Dale.

He press'd my hand, and talk'd of love,
 With extacy divine;
 Nay swore he'd ever faithful prove,
 And, if I pleas'd, be mine:

To

To meet him thus (no creature near,)
 Soon made my cheeks look pale ;
 But he declar'd, I need not fear,
 Young Willy of the Dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,
 To win a maiden's mind ;
 He's youthful, witty, gay, and free ;
 And, what's still more, he's kind.

For now he meets me every night,
 At which the lasses rail ;
 And vow I am the chief delight
 Of Willy of the Dale.

If worth, like his, my friends approve,
 And all things else agree ;
 I'll bless the shepherd with my love,
 And be the happy she.

For sure I am, as sure can be,
 His truth will never fail ;
 So faithful, constant, kind is he,
 Young Willy of the Dale.

The Linnets.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again :
 Unheedful of their tuneful notes,
 I sprung across the mead ;
 But all in vain they tun'd their throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

E

As

As passing through the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood;
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Chloe's charms I view'd:
 I lov'd, I gaz'd, I prest her stay,
 To hear my tender tale;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast;
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address:
 Ye pretty warblers chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

The Lily of the Vale.

Sung by Mr Hudson, at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare;
 What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide;
 Its sweetness far out-vies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain:

See how the curious florist's hand
Uprears its humble head;
And to preserve the charming flower,
Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
How shines each modest grace;
Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
To view its lovely face;
But pray, my Chloe, now observe
The inference of my tale;
May I the florist be—and thou
The Lily of the Vale.

Cupid's Recruiting Serjeant.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos' isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise recruits with merry fife and drum;
The queen of beauty here, by me, invites
Each nymph and swain to taste the sweet delights;
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

A I R.

Ye nymphs and ye swains, who are youthful
and gay.
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may:
Lads & lasses hither come, to the sound of the drum,
I've treasure in store which you never have seen:
Then haite let us rove to the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

E 2

Each

Each nymph of sixteen, who would fain be a wife,
 Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life :
 Then lasses hither come to the sound of the drum;
 I've sweethearts in store, such as never were seen:
 Haste, haste, let us rove to the island of love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to
 his mind,
 Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find;
 I can bless him for life, with a kind loving wife,
 More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen :
 Then haste let us rove to the island of love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos we know not of discord or strife,
 Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;
 In transport and joy we each moment employ,
 And taste such delights as were never yet seen :
 Then haste let us rove to the island of love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

The Happy Meeting.

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed ;
 A bonny lass as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd ;
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear

Dear lassy, tell, why by thine sel
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here ?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide ;
 Can'st tell me, laddy, where ?
 To town ise hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to see ;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent ;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went :
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around ;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joy, which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The zenith of his power)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour ;
 The bonny lad, rowl'd in his plaid,
 The lass who scorn'd to frown ;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

Damon's Inconstancy.

BENEATH this grove, this silent shade,
 To Damon sung the gentle maid,
 To Damon, &c.

What other nymph can love like me,
 Since Damon's all inconstancy.
 Since Damon, &c.

You us'd to talk of love and blifs,
And often sigh'd my lips to kifs;
And often, &c.

But roving now is sweeter glee,
Since Damon's all inconstancy.
Since Damon, &c.

How fragrant flowers sweetly spring,
The feather'd choir sweetly sing;
The feather'd, &c.

Yet all is vain I hear or see,
Since Damon's all inconstancy.
Since Damon, &c.

The am'rous doves can bill and coo,
And so, false Damon, so can you;
And so, &c.

But can't like them contented be,
For thy delight's inconstancy.
For thy delight, &c.

Ye simple fair believe not man,
They all proceed on Damon's plan:
They all proceed, &c.
Then from the sex your hearts keep free,
And learn to shun inconstancy.
And learn, &c.

Sung by Mr Hudson.

SINCE every charm on earth combine,
In Chloe's face and Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see
What robs me of my liberty;

Until

Until that fatal hapless day,
My heart was lively, blithe and gay,
Cou'd sport with every nymph but she
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think, then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
That death must be my hapless state,
If love and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train, |
And every idle care disdain;
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

The Disappointment.

By J. VINT.

(Tune, *The Bird that hears, &c*)

OLD Homer sung, in days of yore,
Of Troy and Trojans' fate,
Of Agamemnon's boundless power,
Achilles' vengeful hate :
But thou, O muse ! now aid a swain;
Thy kind assistance bring,
Help me to tune a love-sick strain,
Of Delia's scorn to sing.

I careless stray'd one evening gay,
 When nature smil'd serene,
 Where Flora, queen of flow'ry May,
 With daisies deck'd the green :
 'Twas then my heart was captive made,
 When first her charms I view'd ;
 I would have spoke, but was afraid
 The fair would think me rude.

I sighing stood 'twixt hope and fear,
 My fancy chang'd like wind ;
 But Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 And bade me speak my mind.
 " Would you, my fairest Delia, deign
 " To grant a swain's request,
 " To quench that ardent melting flame
 " You've kindl'd in his breast ;

" What wealth would Corydon enjoy !
 " What bliss he then would share !
 " Not all the splendour gold can buy,
 " With Delia's charms compare."
 Then Delia smil'd ; " Forbear," she cry'd,
 " Fond swain, this flatt'ring way ;
 " Your suit I never yet deny'd,
 " Who knows I ever may ?"

Cry'd I, in extacy of bliss,
 My heart I now resign !
 Responding, Delia echo'd this,
 And vow'd she would be mine.
 Then Delia tript along the green,
 I wish'd the fair good night,
 As far as Delia could be seen,
 Her beauties blest my sight.

But

But fortune's fickle, gentle swains !
 Just like the April hours
 One minute smiling o'er the plains,
 Another frowning show'rs.
 I met her after, claim'd her vow,
 With scorn she tript away ;
 Indeed, said she, I cannot now,
 Mayhap I *never* may :

I begg'd she would compassion take,
 And hear a tender swain,
 Who languish'd only for her sake ;
 But still I begg'd in vain.
 Ne'er pleasure more will I pursue,
 To grief and care resign'd,
 Till scornful Delia proves more true,
 Until she proves more kind.

Cowden Knows.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves ;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :
 But my lov'd-song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows :
 For sure, so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowden Knows ;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

ther

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round.
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
 Oh how I blest the sound!
 O the broom, &c.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor Bush aboon Traquair.
 O the broom, &c.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom:
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.
 O the broom, &c.

I Do as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so much with my song:

A song

A song is my shepherd's delight,
 He hears me with joy all the day.
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That haltens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to soothe him the while;
 My voice set his mind all at rest,
 And my shepherd would constantly smile:
 And when or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
 I sung my best songs to my love;
 To charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasures of nature or art;
 But my voice, that had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart:
 To try if that voice could not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng;
 I won the rich prize with all ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain;
 Enough then, for me, is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain;
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill;
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

Jenny

Jenny of the Green.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unteen !
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the Sylvan scene :
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mein;
 The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen;
 Though now she treads some distant plain,
 Though far apart, I'll meet again
 My Jenny of the green.

B u t

But thou, old time, till that blest'd night,
That brings her back with speedy flight;
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay,
With Jenny of the green.

The Recantation.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bower;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain,
This anxious expectation;
With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long, and last adieu!
Since women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And O, too hard to bear!
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

F

RE.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from Mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;
 With modest blush, she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain;
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise encrease desiring,
 By contriving kind delays;
 And advancing, or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

 The Coquette Reclaim'd.

Sung by Mr Vernon.

THE story goes, that sister Bet,
 Resolv'd to play the field coquette,
 Among the rustic breed:
 But tir'd of flirting on the green,
 She cry'd, who'd live, to live unseen?
 Not I, not I, indeed.

Away

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry squire,
To tell his tale by winter fire,
While hearts like cherries bleed;
But what's all this to I, says she,
A rural life won't do for me,
It won't, it won't, indeed.

Give me the park, to flaunt about,
The play-house, Ranelagh, and rout;
But how did this succeed?
Admir'd by lords, she lost her fame,
On ev'ry window glar'd her name,
'Tis true, 'tis true, indeed.

At length she sought the slighted plain,
Grew a good girl, caress'd her swain:
And soon they were agreed:
Will you not love me now, he says?
O yes, the longest nights and days,
I'll love, I'll love, indeed.

I Wonder at You.

WHEN Chloe I met, like an angel she mov'd,
The moment I saw her, I lik'd her & lov'd;
I vow'd she was handsome, and faith it was true,
But she snapt me off short with, I wonder at you!

I wonder at you!

I wonder at you!

But she snapt me off short with, I wonder at you!

I earnestly begg'd she with pity would hear
The language of love from a heart quite sincere;

Regardless she left me, her walks to pursue,
And flourish'd her fan with, I wonder at you!
I wonder, &c.

Her humour surpriz'd me, such usage I blam'd,
I found myself vex'd, yet by beauty inflam'd;
Betwixt love and anger to madness I grew,
And home I went sick with, I wonder at you.
I wonder, &c.

I wonder at you ran so much in my mind,
My soul on the rack soon to reason was blind;
All night in my dreams I had Chloe in view,
And thought my ears rang with, I wonder at you.
I wonder, &c.

I met her next day, and she happen'd to fall.
I handed her up, and indeed that was all;
She thank'd me, and smiling said, How do you do?
But I gave her a frown with, I wonder at you!
I wonder, &c.

But Chloe's so charming, so handsome & young,
Impute it I shall to a slip of the tongue;
Forgive her I must, for I love her it's true,
But I'll make her remember, I wonder at you.
I wonder at you,
I wonder at you,
But I'll make her remember, I wonder at you.

Rondeau.

By J. JEFFERYS.

GENTLE Cupid, prithee say,
When young Strephon is away,

Why

Why I wish his quick return,
Why I with impatience burn?

Tell me, when the swain is by,
Why I tremble, why I sigh?
And at night, when lull'd to rest,
Why his image fills my breast?

Tell me, when his eyes I meet,
Why my heart with raptures beat?
Why a blush o'erspreads my cheek?
Why I wish, but dare not speak?

Love, thou soft usurper, say,
Must I thy commands obey?
Must my heart no longer be
From thy pointed arrows free?

Now or Never.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

TO make the most of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our great endeavour;
For, Love, we both are in our prime,
The time is Now or Never.

A thousand charms around you play,
No girl more bright or clever;
Then let us both agree to-day,
To-morrow may be Never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
I burn with love's high fever:
Pray now be kind, I know you can;
You must not answer Never.

Whilst thus you, Chloe, turn aside,
 You frustrate my endeavour:
 That face will fade, come down that pride,
 Your time is Now or Never.

Ere for yourself, or me too late,
 Say now you're mine for ever:
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,
 My time is Now or Never.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd 'n her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
 I wish nae maire, of a' that's rare,
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown,

My

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best,
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense;
At wawking of the fauld.

Tune,—*As late I wander'd o'er the plain.*

NO rural nymph upon the plain,
My heart could keep, my love could gain,
But ever smiling Dolly:
With wit replete, and sense refin'd,
With form as lovely as her mind,
She charm'd e'en melancholy.

Each maiden's breast with envy glow'd,
To hear such praise on her beltow'd;
They said, 'twas trifling folly:
For they suppos'd themselves as fair,
Tho' wanting that enchanting air
Of my unequal'd Dolly.

The young Alexis tunes his reed,
But ah, he sure can ne'er succeed!
For he's betroth'd to Polly:
For he who's false, however fair,
May sigh and languish in despair,
Unnotic'd by my Dolly.

The

Delia.

(By Mr Cunningham.)

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves,
 And falling down the silver tide,
 Divides the whispering waves;
 The silver stream, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blyth Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held the callow young:
 Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart,
 The genial brood must be;
 But not so dear (the thousandth part)
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brows furround,
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale:
 My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fallen snow,
 So white the beauteous pair;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair:

When

When in their chaste, connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

PHilander long had loosely rov'd,
The tyrant of the fair;
He flatter'd, sigh'd, and swore he lov'd,
Yet all was but an air.
Yet all was but an air.

Too many tender female hearts,
Was ta'en within his snare;
But glorying in his faithless heart,
He left them with an air.
He left them, &c.

At length the god of love enrag'd,
At his insulting way;
Against his studied art engag'd
Young Chloe's artless way.
Young Chloe's, &c.

Her cheeks no roses blushes dye,
No lilies snow convey;
No lightning flashes from her eyes,
Yet she had such a way.
Yet she had, &c.

No brilliancy of fainted wit,
Her easy words convey,
Could his capricious fancy hit,
There's something in her way.
There's something, &c.

Tho'

Tho' charms of face, and flames have fail'd
 To make his heart obey;
 But now he blindly yields assail'd,
 By Chloe's artless way.
 By Chloe's, &c.

Jemmy and Nanny.

Sung by Master Brown, at Marybone.

WHen innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere Nanny became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy Jemmy, who dotes upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen?
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those
 ey'n,
 That look with disdain on unfortunate me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Think on thy Jemmy, who dotes upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on e'ery sweet hour,
 That slid away softly between thee and me:
 Ere squirrels & beaux, and their fopp'ry had power
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouse

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifully Nanny,
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me:
 Oh as thou art bonny, be prudent as any!
 Love thy own Jemmy who dotes upon thee.

The Queen of Liberty.

By D. OSTLE.

YE beauteous nymphs, and blythsome swains,
 Forsake your flocks, and leave the plains;
 Forsake your flocks, &c.

In loftier strains come join with me,
 To hail the Queen of Liberty.
 To hail, &c.

Your magic harps, ye muses bring,
 In beauty's cause assist to sing;
 In beauty's, &c.

Of her I love my song shall be,
 The charming Queen of Liberty.
 The charming, &c.

In form complete, an angel's air,
 In temper sweet, as Venus fair;
 In temper, &c.
 Her matchless wit, and carriage free,
 Proclaim her Queen of Liberty.
 Proclaim, &c.

When smiling spring triumphant reigns,
 Or lovely autumn cheers the plains,
 Or lovely, &c.

More blooming sweets in her we see,
 Fair goddess Queen of Liberty.
 Fair Goddess, &c.

The

The wond'ring crowd admiring gaze,
 The youths and virgins tune her praise;
 The youths, &c.
 All nature with one voice agree,
 To hail her Queen of Liberty.
 To hail, &c.

O Hymen ! ease a lover's pain,
 Nor let me longer sue in vain;
 Nor let me, &c.
 Pronounce me blest, and give to me
 The charming Queen of Liberty.
 The charming, &c.

The Highland Queen.

Sung by Mr Vernon.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
 A note to melodize his lays,
 And quit the swelling seas to praise
 The charms of Highland Nelly.

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,,
 Such music with such charms can't suit,
 When ev'ry muse will tune her lute
 In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
 Where blithe content for ever reigns,
 Repeat abroad the honest strains
 Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair ;
But where's the grace, the mein, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly ?

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd, no gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen ;
But when she danc'd, ye gods ! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

Jockey of the Green.

Sung by Mrs Hudson, at Vauxhall.

OF all the fwains around the Tweed,
So blyth and debonair,
Not one (it is by all agreed)
With Jockey can compare.

So gay a form, so just a mind,
Before was never seen ;
Nor e'er was fwain to me so kind
As Jockey of the Green.

If e'er at eve I chance to stray,
The fields or groves along,
Young Jockey meets me in my way,
And cheers me with his song.

G

And

And when I sit on banks of Tweed,
 Where rural sports are seen ;
 None tunes so sweet the oaten reed
 As Jockey of the Green.

Of late, his talk has been of love,
 Of love for me alone ;
 And if I but his flame approve,
 He'll take me for his own.

If so, I'll quickly blefs for life,
 The blytheft swain e'er seen ;
 And be the wedded, faithful wife,
 Of Jockey of the Green.

The Humorous Lafs.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

SMART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth
 as her life,
 By many a swain was requested to wife,
 Her figure was graceful, and comely her face,
 Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place :
 The 'squire of the vill took it into his head,
 That he, by great proffers, cou'd win her to bed ;
 But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,
 And baulk'd the poor 'squire, with a hearty ha !
 ha !

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,
 Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart ;
 With aukward address, he made a strange fufs,
 Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb, & beg'd for a bus,
 The

The lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd, 'deed Doll,
'tis true,
Ife love thee most woundely, i'faith, girl I do;
But she slap'd his fools chops, and bid him with-
draw,
So sent him away, while she loud laugh'd ha! ha!

The next was a fellow, so smart, and so spruce,
Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd the
deuce,
And poor Dolly thought to serve as the rest;
But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest.
Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man!
Much less let a fop my affections trapan;
And said, such a thing she before never saw,
But hop'd, he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out, ha! ha!

With the ladies, I know, 'tis a primitive rule,
Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;
And others again this opinion impart, [heart,
Their eyes they will please if they torture their
From these I dissent, but approve of the plan
That Dolly laid down, 'till you meet with your
man;
Then your hands and your hearts may unite
without flaw,
And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

The Blight.

AS faunt'ring out the other day,
With Chloe by my side,
Soft whispers, as convey'd by May,
Announc'd the nymph my bride.

What nestles in a lover's heart,
Is but in vain conceal'd;
For what I strove—not to impart
Crept out in ev'ry field.

The gentle breeze that round me flew,
Just ruffling passion's tide,
At length into a tempest grew,
And pinn'd me to her side.
'Tis true the spangled verdant space
Attracted oft mine eye,
Yet, when I peep'd in Chloe's face,
All verdant sweets would die.

Down in the bosom of a grove,
As still we hied along,
Methought each bird a turtle dove,
Their warbling all love's song.
But what avail'd my plaintive tale?
Let no fond shepherd start!
'Twas scatter'd all along the vale,
Nor reach'd her callous heart.

Prithee Fool be Quiet.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart
To win, and woo'd as lover's woo,
I, vers'd in all our sex's art,
Did just as maidens do.
Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
I'd study to be shy at;
And when he press'd his fate to know,
'Twas prithee, fool, be quiet.

Month

Month after month of am'rous pain,
 He made a mighty fuss;
 Why if you know one love's a swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does:
 He told me passion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet,
 And pray, what answer could I give,
 But, prithee, fool, be quiet.

At length he made a bold essay,
 And like a man he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear, this very day
 Shall Celia be my bride;
 Convinc'd he would have teas'd me still,
 I cou'd not well deny it,
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the fool be quiet.

Dawn of Hope.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh, send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well-known face,
 Each rising fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

Gay Damon.

Sung by Mrs Hudson, at Vauxhall.

CEASE, gay Damon, cease your wooing,
 Urge no more your flatt'ring tale,
 Well I know you seek my ruin,
 But your arts can n'er prevail;
 Kind Palemon's gen'rous passion,
 Renders all thy wishes vain,
 Since I own my inclination
 To reward the gentle swain.

Pardonnez Moi.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

LONG time had Lysander told Daphne his pain
 And repeated his passion again and again;
 The obdurate fair-one a while was so coy,
 That all her reply was pardonnez moi.

In vain he intreated, implor'd, and carefs'd,
 Of all his pretensions she made but a jest;
 Tho' his life he declar'd her disdain wou'd destroy,
 Yet regardless she answer'd, pardonnez moi.

But finding his sighs no impression cou'd make,
 He determin'd another expedient to take,

And

And artifice now he resolves to employ,
To make her forget to say, pardonnez moi.

He swore that her eyes like bright Phœbus did
shine,
That her air was majestic, her form all divine;
With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy,
And flatt'ry prevail'd over pardonnez moi.

By Mr Garrick.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy;
You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;
For say, what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the due bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy:
 With her a cottage would delight;
 All's happy when she's in my sight,
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the water love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.
 And when death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy!

The Sailor's Farewell.

Sung by Mr Vernon.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Nancy, moor'd with thee;
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant failor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales;
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves;
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain:
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu!

A Duetto.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
 Impearled with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apples clustering bough;
 There, in close-embowered shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

Down

Down the Burn Davy.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;

CHORUS.

Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free;
 Gang down the burn Davy love,
 Down the burn Davy love,
 Down the burn Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.
 Down the burn Davy love,
 Down the burn Davy love,
 Down the burn Davy love,
 Gang down the burn Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.
 Blyth Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew,
 Blyth Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a rowth,
Straight to the kirk he led her ;
There plighted her his faith and troth,
And a bonny bride he made her.

C H O R U S.

No more a sham'd to own her love,
Or speak her mind more free ;
Gang down the burn Davy, &c.

The Rover.

LONG young Jockey toy'd and sported,
Long he try'd each winning art,
Long with silent glances courted,
Ere he won my witlefs heart ;
Oft he prest my hand to yielding,
Oft he kifs'd, and oft he smil'd ;
No reserve my bosom shielding,
Chloe's heart he soon beguil'd.
But when he my inclination
Had subdu'd—the fickle swain
(Can you hear it, maids, with patience ?)
Soon, too soon, forsook the plain,
Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid,
Whose only fault was her seeming too kind ;
Surely the youth was grown very stupid,
To think the sting would remain long behind.

Tell me ye swains,

Tell me ye swains,

Could ye do so ?

Would ye do so ?

Could ye—would ye—would ye—could ye,

Could ye've serv'd your lover so ?

Soon

Soon as I had lost my lover,
 Fool! I sat me down and cry'd,
 Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
 Sigh'd, and fobb'd, and fobb'd, and sigh'd:
 I no breakfast eat, nor dinner,
 Supperless I went to bed;
 I a loser, he no winner,
 A lucky thought came in my head:
 Why should I, my bloom destroying,
 Vex and tease my soul away?
 No—the sweets of life enjoying,
 I will taste the sweets of May;
 Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
 Blushes and bustles at every wind:
 So Chloe's resolv'd to laugh thro' summer,
 To every new swain be gentle and kind.
 Tell me ye maids,
 Tell me ye swains,
 Could ye do so?
 Would ye do so?
 Could ye—would ye—would ye—could ye—
 Could ye serve your lovers so?

Wanton with the jocund season,
 Oft to wed me shepherds prest,
 Jockey saw—and native reason
 Struck the fickle shepherd's breast:
 In his turn the youth lamenting,
 Sigh'd, and fobb'd, and fobb'd, and sigh'd,
 Prest my hand—my heart relenting,
 Hard, O hard! to be deny'd.
 At my feet, ye maids, believe me,
 Soon I saw my lovely swain;
 Can those looks, those tears deceive me,
 Can they, must they plead in vain?

No—

No—Chloe's resolv'd to follow the fashion,
For love, only love is the cordial of life;
Jockey with rapture embrac'd the occasion,
And made her by wedlock his lover and wife.

Mind it ye maid,

Mind it ye swains,

Could ye do so?

Would ye do so?

Mind ye—would ye—would ye—mind you—

Mind that ye serve your lovers so?

The Sycamore Shade.

Sung by Miss Jameson.

IN a sycamore shade as I sat t'other day,
As blyth as the birds in the grove,
It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,
Who often had hinted his love.
I rose to be gone as I saw him appear,
Then, kneeling, he begg'd I'd not fly;
So soft were his accents, they banish'd my fears,
I could not the shepherd deny.

He begg'd me to stay, whilst his wish he exprest,
And swore that he meant me no harm;
My hand to his bosom he eagerly prest,
Which, throbbing, confess'd the alarm:
My cheeks, he declar'd, were the blush of the rose,
My hand with the lily might vie;
That my breath was much sweeter than either of
those;

All this I was forc'd to deny.

H

He

He said he should languish and die with despair,
 Unless I requited his love ;
 And pray'd me to end all his sorrow and care,
 For truer no swain e'er could prove,
 He begg'd that a day I would speedily name,
 And waited to hear my reply ;
 My blushes confess'd that I felt all his flame,
 Nor could I the shepherd deny.

Next morn to the church with my Damon I went,
 And gave him my hand and my heart ;
 E'er since have my days been in happiness spent,
 Which Hymen alone can impart.
 Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful & gay,
 From the shepherd you love never fly ;
 The spring of your lives will too soon glide away,
 Beware, lest too oft you deny.

By J. VINT.

(Tune, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*)

THE nymph that's endowed with prudence
 and care,
 With modesty too, and of beauty a share ;
 With virtue and chastity, conduct likewise,
 And store of good-nature, for that's what I prize;

Shall be my endeavour to guard night and day,
 While honour directs me, and love bears the sway;
 Not all the rich jewels produc'd by the east,
 Shall make my love falter or change in the least.

Nor gems nor perfumes with my Nancy compare,
 She's sweet as May mornings, as lilies she's fair;
 Her

Her cheeks do the roses of June so outshine,
You'd take her for Venus, or something divine !

In summer my fair-one trips over the plain,
The flower of the nymphs, and the pride of each
 swain :

Whene'er I behold her my heart leaps with glee ;
Then who, when with Nancy, so happy as me ?

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy ;
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprize,
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing finsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny !

Let maidens of a silly mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting :

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Harry and Mary.

NEAR a hawthorn, I met on the plain,
 Young Molly, the evening was starry;
 I talk'd in strong terms of my pain,
 Tho' I never intended to marry.

Her modest demeanor was such,
 More than half it prevail'd over Harry;
 I love her, I own, very much,
 'Tis true—but I never shall marry.

My companions all loudly complain,
 With them that I now never tarry;
 They have found out the cause of my pain,
 And fancy at last I shall marry.

Believe me, they know not my heart,
 This face I much longer can carry;
 I can bear a vast deal of love's smart,
 But I ne'er shall be tempted to marry.

But 'tis long since I saw the dear maid,
 With Cupid for life must I parry?
 Of Hymen I'm not much afraid,
 But surely I'd better not marry:

Do I see her amongst this gay throng?
 Then what will become of poor Harry?
 By passion I'm hurry'd along,
 Then take me—I'm ready to marry.

Be Quiet.

AS t'other day young Damon pass'd,
Where Chloe sat demure,
He doff'd his hat, and sigh'd and gaz'd,
'Twas love that struck him sure.
He doff'd, &c.

With reverence then approach'd the fair,
Which she seem'd very shy at;
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
'Twas, Prithee, Sir, be quiet, be quiet, &c.
And when, &c.

My fair, he cry'd, O be not coy,
Nor think my meaning rude;
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Let love, &c.

Her hand he then assay'd to kiss,
Which, frowning, she cry'd "fye" at;
And when he struggled for the bliss,
'Twas, Prithee, Sir, be quiet, be quiet, &c.
And when, &c.

Then kneeling at her feet, he swore,
Without her he should die,
That man ne'er lov'd a woman more;
Then heav'd a melting sigh.
That man, &c.

Cupid, unseen, now touch'd her breast,
And there kick'd up a riot;
Much soften'd, yet she still exprest,
O prithee, Sir, be quiet, be quiet, &c.
Much soften'd, &c.

The youth perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
 And boldly ask'd her hand;
 Soon Hymen made them both as one,
 United hand in hand.
 Soon Hymen, &c.

The case too soon is alter'd quite,
 A scene you'll all cry fye at;
 She prates away from morn to night,
 While he cries, Zounds be quiet, be quiet, &c.
 She prates, &c.

Cross Purposes.

Sung at Ranelagh.

TOM Loves Mary passing well,
 And Mary she loves Harry;
 But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
 And finds his love miscarry:
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 While Mary flights his passion.
 So strangely freakish are the turns
 Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
 Which he in am'rous folly,
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours,
 It came again to Molly:
 Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
 No turtles can be truer;
 Each loves the object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hal despises Mary ;
 And all the flouts which Bell receives
 From Tom, she vents on Harry :
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer ;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation ;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

The Fairest of the Fair.

Sung at Ranelagh.

O Betsy, wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lonely cot, and russet gown ?
 Nae longer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare ;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair.

O Betsy ! when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink beneath the northern wind ?

Say,

Say, can thy fast and gentlest mein,
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair.

O Betsey! can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?
 Or when, mishap, the swain should rue,
 To share, with him, the pang of woe?
 Or when invading pangs befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer, with smiles, the bed of death!
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desire to rally:
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam;
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy:
 Can love, with ruin tally?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come! thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

Sung at Vauxhall.

ON pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals
away,

And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray;
My days, O ye swains, were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn, to the stillness of night:
Nor care found a place in my cottage, or breast,
But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare
With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:
So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
But still all my song was, I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield;
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
sight;

If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
stream,

And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But

But now, since for Hebe, in secret I sigh,
 Alas, what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade;
 No music I find in soft philomel's strain,
 And the brook, o'er the pebbles, now murmurs
 in vain.

They say, that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft
 art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

Love in Low Life.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so
 fair;
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
 their eyes,
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent, ere dear Moggy came too;
 (For maidens a decency keep, when they woo:)
 At length she consented, and made him a vow;
 And Jockey he gave, for his jointure, his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there;
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed;
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

The

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;
And none were so happy and gamesome as they:
Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind;

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reason, that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, goose, come on, why now you're my
bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd
the old barn;

They laid in a stock, for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.

By Mr Worgan.

NO nymph, that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair;
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day,
With emulation glow:

Fresh

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Bids sweeter notes prepare;
The playful lambkins skip around,
And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he swells his note,
The sweetness of her voice.
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora sheds perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unspotted fame
Make vocal every vale;
The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lads and swain
To mirthful wake resort,
Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
Advance in rural sport:
No more shall gush the purling rill,
Nor music wake the grove,
Nor flocks look snow-ike on the hill,
When I forget to love.

Patty

Betty of the Green.

By J. VINT.

(Tune, *Cowden Knows.*)

IN summer time, when nymphs and swains
In rural sports unite,
On hills and dales, or flow'ry plains,
To yield themselves delight ;
How happy I, to trip along
By Tyne and Betty's side,
To hear the linnet's chearful song,
Where waters gently glide.
O my Bet, my pretty pretty Bet,
A fairer ne'er was seen ;
Not Venus' self can e'er excel
My Betty of the Green.

How pleasing are yon verdent hills,
And eke yon flow'ry vales,
Where flow melodious purling rills,
Where zephyrs breathe soft gales :
But more delightful are her charms,
More pleasing far to me ;
Such melting bliss my bosom warms,
Whene'er my nymph I see.
O my Bet, &c.

Her sparkling eyes are azure blue,
Her cheeks like roses are,
Her lips distil ambrosial dew,
And nut-brown waves her hair :

As gay as Flora in the spring,
 As graceful in her mein ;
 No nightingale can sweeter sing
 Than Betty of the Green.
 O my Bet, &c

The North Country Lads.

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was Gillian,
 Her manners were sage, tho' her carriage was free,
 You scarcely could meet such a girl in a million,
 Her charms were the pride of the north country.
 All she said came so wittily,
 She danc'd with such grace, and she chanted so
 prettily,
 No madames of France nor signioras of Italy,
 Could cope with this lass of the north country.

Rich lords and fine gentlemen crowded to woo her,
 Each begging her most humble servant to be ;
 Some brought coach and horses, some proffer'd gold
 to her,
 Some cloaths and fine jewels, most splendid to see !
 But in vain all their brav'ry,
 She said flat and plain that she saw through their
 knav'ry,
 And rather would spend her whole life-time in
 slav'ry,
 Than bring such disgrace on the north country.

But going one day to the wood with young Roger,
 To gather sweet posies for he and for she,
 Sly Cupid observ'd them, (a comical codger !)
 And hid himself under a sycamore tree :
 Out he drew, from his quiver,
 A shaft that a heart made of marble would shiver,
 He shot—there was none a poor maid to deliver,
 And wounded the lass of the north country.

Young

Young Roger, determin'd his mind to discover,
 Saluted fair Gillian, so charming and free;
 Then begg'd her consent, in the strain of a lover,
 In chaste wedlock bands his bride for to be.
 She agreed—vows were plighted,
 And they with each other were so well delighted,
 That Hymen and Cupid their hearts both united,
 And blest the sweet lass of the north country.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 Ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

Damon and Delia.

A CANTATA.

DELIA gay Strephon lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 The flame was mutual in th' enamour'd swain,
 When tyrant Cupid, with his fatal dart,
 To Daphne gave the roving shepherd's heart:
 Delia, enrag'd to lose her fav'rite swain,
 To the clear Avon flew to end her pain;
 She gaz'd, she sigh'd, with tender love oppress'd,
 Yet ere she leapt, she thus her woe express'd.

Ah faithless swain! why win my hear,
 And that poor heart forsake:
 Ah! why those vows of endless love,
 And now those vows to break?

How blest would Delia's fate have been,
 If true had prov'd her swain?
 But since to Daphne's arms he's fled,
 This stream shall end my pain.

Damon, it happen'd, passing on that way,
 Heard with fond pity Delia's plaintive lay;
 His hand he offer'd without guile or art,
 Ah! what will honour with a female heart?
 For form she paus'd—then with a blush reply'd,
 Since fate ordains it, I'll be Damon's bride:
 To church they went, nor one short moment tarry'd,
 No couple sonder, and yet—six weeks marry'd.

Love-sick ladies, ne'er despair,
 Hymen still protects the fair;
 If one lover prove unkind,
 Choice of new ones you will find;
 Dying swains are now so plenty,
 One kind look will win you twenty.

The British Fair.

Sung by Mrs Arne, at Vauxhall.

PHOEBUS meaner themes disdaining,
 To the Lyrist's call repair,
 And the strings to raptures straining,
 Come, and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British Fair.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

CORINNA was lovely, was witty and young,
And all o'er the town had her praises been
sung;

The beaux & the fops paid their court to her eyes,
And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with sur-
prize:

Yet to all, who in praising her charms did excel,
Her answer was only, indeed, very well.

Lyfander, amidst her admirers prest,
And the true flame of love found to glow in his
breast;

With awe he approach'd, and with modesty spoke,
Yet his passion she treated as only a joke;

Tho' the pangs he endur'd, no tongue could e'er
tell,

Yet her answer to all was, indeed, very well.

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
Nor barely to kneel, and to utter her praise;
He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his arms,
And kiss'd her and feasted himself with her charms;

She thought, of her lovers, he did all excel,
But answer'd, Lyfander, as yet, very well.

As she faintly repuls'd him, the swain grew more
bold,

That soon she consented to have and to hold;
At Hymen's bright alter, receiv'd her fair hand,
Attended by Cupids, a choice little band;
Her face sweetly smiling, she dares not to tell,
That Lyfander she loves, ay, indeed, very well.

The Way to Keep Him.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will;
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill;
Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honest verse, that flows sincere
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage:
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain;
Learn that best art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.

Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last

Nancy of the Vale.

Sung by Mrs Baddely, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

THE western sky was purpl'd o'er,
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heats of day;
 When from a hazel's artless bow'r,
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He bless'd the day, he bless'd the hour,
 While Nancy's charms he sung.

A I R.

Let fops with fickle falshood range,
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament the change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove;
 But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale;
 And every blessing find its way,
 To Nancy of the Vale.

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shad'wing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round:

That

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine :
'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow'd my future care.
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

Cautious Phillis.

AS Phillis fought a vagrant ewe,
Attended by her swain,
The god of love attended too,
These wand'ers of the plain.

The hours, unheeded, pass'd away,
The minutes softly flew ;
With him she pass'd a summer's day,
Forgetful of her ewe.

See,

See, Phillis, see, the shepherd said,
 The rose on yonder bush,
 How languid looks its brightest red,
 Compar'd to your sweet blush.

Observe the lily of the vale,
 How pallid is its hue !
 Your matchless beauty makes it pale,
 And yields its sweets to you.

'Twas quickly answer'd by the fair,
 See how the turtle doves
 On yonder oak, soft pleasures share;
 And, tender, coo their loves.

So we enamour'd pleasures might
 With mutual kindness shew;
 But see, advances fable night,
 And so, fond swain, adieu !

Advice to the Ladies.

Sung by Mrs Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
 You should all your hopes conceal !
 Men, inconstant, will discover
 What too oft our sex reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,
 Fickle men are full of arts,
 By a thoughtless, found confession,
 They seduce, and steal our hearts

Would you wish, &c.

Shun,

Shun, O shun, then soft persuasion,
 Let not tears your passion move ;
 But embrace the first occasion.
 When convinc'd they truly love.
 Would you wish, &c.

The Lark.

GO ! herald of the rosy morn,
 Go serenade yon grove,
 Your sprightly mattins thither borne,
 Will crown Palemon's love.

Sweet bird ! as on your aerial flight
 You carol on the breeze,
 Palemon, with his fair delight,
 Sit charm'd beneath yon trees.

Yon grove, where wander many a pair,
 To soothe their anxious minds ;
 By your sweet warbling—bids despair
 Seek refuge in the winds.

Ere Phœbus from his Thetis hies,
 To start his lucid car,
 At your approach, gay bird ! the skies
 Veil up each twinkling star.

Delightful lark ! 'tis you alloy
 Life's weary, irksome way ;
 You aid fond lovers to enjoy
 A long endearing day.

Long will the happy, marry'd race,
 Your chearful notes approve ;
 And hail you in the chaste embrace,
 The harbinger of love.

YOUNG

YOUNG Collin's ever blithe and gay,
 His cheeks like new-blown roses,
 His breath's as sweet as flowers in May,
 Made up in fragrant posies.
 His shape, and mein, do hearts allure,
 The graces all possessing,
 His love alone my heart would cure,
 I'll ask no other blessing,

I once was mistress of his heart,
 But he, like all the sex is,
 He's false, which causes all my smart,
 Yet he ne'er grieves, nor vexes.
 Tho' I do fret, and sigh, and pine,
 Another he's caressing;
 If he'd return, and would be mine,
 I'd ask no other blessing.

'Tis black-ey'd Susan of the plain,
 Has robb'd me of my treasure;
 'Tis she that causes all my pain,
 And gives false Collin pleasure.
 Kind heav'n assist, my wishes aid!
 His love again possessing,
 Grant me but this; a love sick maid,
 Will ask no other blessing.

Sung by Mrs Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,
 Talk no more of foolish love;
 Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
 Think not all you say can move.

Did

Did I take delight to fetter
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day;
 Thrice ten thousand times your betters
 Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who stills forbids you,
 To some other tell your moan;
 Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
 Let Clorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

ERE love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still saw me blest,
 Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
 Each night was crown'd with balmy rest;
 But now, alas, no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the chearful light,
 I sit, and sigh the live-long day,
 And pass in tears the sleepy night.

Come, lovely Strephon, hither haste,
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 That thou art cruel and unkind:
 Or if some maid, of happier fate,
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I;
 Oh, free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

GLEES,



GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

From MIDAS.

CHORUS of all the DEITIES.

JOVE in his chair, of the sky lord may'r,
 With his nods men and gods keeps in awe,
 When he winks, heaven shrinks,
 When he speaks, hell squeaks;
 Earth's globe is but his taw.
 Cock of the school, he bears despotic rule,
 His word, tho' absurd, must be law;
 Even fate, tho' so great,
 Must not prate, his bald pate
 Jove would cuff, he's so bluff, for a straw.
 Cow'd deities, like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease, or gnaw.

 JUNO.

THINK not, lewd Jove, thus to wrong my
 chaste love,
 For spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night Juno will have her right,
 Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.

K

I'll

110 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

I'll ferrit the haunts of your female gallants,
In vain you in darkness inclose them ;
Your favourite jades I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

A P O L L O.

BE by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad !
Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk.

S I L E N O.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog ;
You can help to bring home harvest,
'Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages ;
You shall daintily be fed,
Bacon, beans, salt-beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread

Fa la la.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your strum-strum.

Fa la la.

Pol.

P O L.

I strike hands, and take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse;
 Zooks! I can no longer suffer,
 Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fa la la.

S I L E N O.

Do strike hands, 'tis kind I offer;

P O L.

I strike hands, and take your offer;

S I L E N O.

Farther seeking you'll fare worse;

P O L.

Farther on I may fare worse;

S I L E N O.

Pity such a lad should suffer;

P O L.

Zooks! I can no longer suffer;

S I L E N O.

Hungry guts, and empty purse.

P O L.

Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Fa la la.

M Y S I S.

GIRLS are known to mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle:
 Who would rear two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle:
 For here they skip, and there they trip,
 And this and that way sidle.

K 2

Giddy

112 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

Giddy maids, poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding;
 They flirt pell-mell, their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding;
 To every fop they're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

P O L.

PRAY, goody, please to moderate the rancour
 of your tongue,
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
 Remember when the judgment's weak the preju-
 A stranger why will you despise?
 dice is strong:
 Ply me, try me,
 Prove, ere you deny me:
 If you cast me off, you blast me,
 Never more to rise.

M I D A S.

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross?
 Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
 Her nose up at him tofs?
 No; I'll kidnap—then possess her:
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;
 So glut to the height of pleasure
 My love and my revenge.
 No; I'll kidnap, &c.

JUPITER

PAN.

JUPITER wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky,
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I;
 Juno rates him and grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life,
 I have my lass and my glass,
 And stroll a batchelor's merry life.
 Let him fluster and bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
 To my fair tulips I glew lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.

DAMETAS.

ALL around the maypole how they trot,
 Hot pot, and good ale have got;
 Routing, shouting, at you flouting,
 Fleering, jeering, and what not.
 There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
 Lad, glad, to see us sad,
 Cap'ring, vap'ring, while Pol, scraping,
 Coaxes the lasses as he did the dad.

DAPHNE.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er slept in leather shoe,
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

114 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do,
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,
If the youth proves true, I'll fit him;
If he's false, I'll fit him too.

P O L.

L OVELY nymph, assuage my anguish:
At your feet behold a swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Ne'er shall meet his like again.

D A P H N E.

I F you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,
Will be kick'd out and you set in his place.

His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe so drowzy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

MIDAS

M I D A S.

O What pleasures will abound
 When my wife is laid in ground !
 Let earth cover her, we'll dance over her,
 When my wife is laid in ground.
 O how happy should I be,
 Would little Nyfa pig with me !
 How I'd mumble her, touze, and tumble her,
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.

M I D A S.

IF into your hen-yard, the treacherous reynard
 Seals sily, your poultry to ravage,
 With gun you attack him, with beagles you track
 him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage :
 So Poll, who comes picking up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scruple to banish;
 With power I'll o'er bear him, with fraud I'll
 ensnare him,
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

S I L E N O.

IF a rival thy character draw,
 In perfection he'll find out a flaw,
 With black he will paint, make a devil of a faint,
 And change to an owl a maccaw :

DA-

DAMETAS.

Can a father pretend to be wise,
 Who his friend's good advice will despise?
 Who, when danger is nigh, throws his spectacles
 by,
 And blinks through a green girls eyes?

P A N.

A Pox of your pother about this or that,
 Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
 I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol,
 So here goes a fet-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would ham-
 per,
 And after Miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper,
 Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
 Pray what's all this fufs for, but—toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;
 All start in full cry to give dame fortune chase;
 There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
 And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
 I only meant life, fir, is but an old song;
 The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
 Where all act the scene of toll-loll-de-roll-loll.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
 Ye danc'd on down away ;
 When my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay !

But from her charms when funder'd,
 As Midas's frowns presage,
 Each hour will seem an hundred,
 Each day appear an age.

From the BEGGAR's OPERA.

PEACHUM.

Tune, *An old woman cloathed in grey.*

THROUGH all the employments of life
 Each neighbour abuses his brother ;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife :
 All professions berogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer beknives the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

FILCH.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling
 arts ; Her

118 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms:
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

Mrs PEACHUM.

Tune, *Cold and Raw.*

IF any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly;
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wonderous smugly.
Beneath the left ear, so fit but a cord,
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis!

POL. PEACHUM.

! Tune, *Grim king of the ghosts.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At is flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me, so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

PEACHUM.

Tune, Pretty parrot, say.

MACH. **P**RETTY Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

POLLY. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

MACH. O pretty, pretty Poll!

MACHEATH.

Tune, Over the hills and far away.

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my las;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.

POLLY.

Where I fold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

MACHEATH.

And I would love you all the day,

POLLY.

Every night would kiss and play,

MACH-

MACHEATH.

If with me you'd fondly stray

POLLY.

Over the hills and far away.

MAT O' TH' MINT.

Tune, Fill ev'ry glass.

FILL ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy :
Women and wine should life employ,
Is there ought else on earth desirous?

CHORUS.

Fill every glass, &c.

MACHEATH.

Tune, Would you have a young virgin.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.
 Press her, caress her
 With blisses, her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

MACK-

MACHEATH.

Cotillon.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty;
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay, while we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow;
 Love, with youth, flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

JENNY DIVER.

Tune, *When once I lay with another man's wife.*

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
 If they meddle, your all is in danger:
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a souce,
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
 And give your estate to a stranger.

LUCY.

Tune, *A lovely lass to a friar came.*

THUS when a good housewife sees a rat
 In her trap in the morning taken,

L

With

122 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon :
Then she throws him to the dog or cat,
To be worry'd, crush'd, and shaken.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *The sun had loos'd his weary teams.*

THE first time at the looking-glass,
The mother sets the daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks she's sonder grown,
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But, alas ! vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can see you are no younger.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty?*

HOW happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say:
But toll-de-roll, &c.

POLLY.

CEASE your funning; force or cunning
Never shall my heart trapan :

All

All these fallies are but malice
 To seduce my constant man.
 'Tis most certain, by their flirting,
 Women oft' have envy shown;
 Pleas'd to ruin others wooing;
 Never happy in their own.

Tune, *Good-morrow, gossip Joan.*

L U C Y.

W H Y how now, Madam Flirt?
 If you thus must chatter;
 And are for flinging dirt,
 Let's try who best can spatter;
 Madam Flirt!

P O L L Y.

Why how now, saucy jade?
 Sure the wench is tipsy:
 How can you see me made
 The scoff of such a gypsy?
 Saucy jade!

L U C Y.

Tune, *The lass of Paty's mill.*

I Like the fox shall grieve,
 Whose mate hath left her side,
 Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
 Chase o'er the country wide.

L 2

Where

Where can my lover hide?

Where cheat the wary pack?

If love be not his guide,

He never will come back.

LUCY.

Tune, *South-sea ballad.*

MY love is all madness and folly !
 Alone I lie, toss, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy creature is Polly !
 Was e'er such a wretch as I !
 With rage I ridden like scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant varlet,
 Stark blind to my charms, is lost in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot:
 Stark blind to my charms, is lost in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot.
 This, this my resentment alarms.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true, you find some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to
 defend :
 In sorrowful ditty, they promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

LUCY.

L U C Y.

Tune, One evening, having lost my way.

I'M like a skiff on the ocean tost,
 Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
 With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
 Deserted and all forlorn.
 While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
 That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
 Revenge, revenge, revenge
 Shall appease my restless sp'rit.

L U C Y.

Tune, Roger I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son.

WHEN a wife's in her pout,
 (As she's sometimes no doubt)
 The good husband as meek as a lamb,
 Her vapours to still,
 First grants her her will,
 And the quieting draught is a dram.
 Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

Tune, Come, sweet lass.

COME, sweet lass,
 Let's banish sorrow till to-morrow;
 Come sweet lass, let's take a chirping glass.
 Wine can clear the vapours of despair;
 And make as light as air; then drink, and banish
 care.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Bonny Dundee.*

THE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
 I go, undisnay'd; for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand:—so take what I owe.
 Then farewell, my love,—Dear charmers, adieu,
 Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
 Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
 For this way at once I please all my wives.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Of all the girls that are so smart.*

OF all the friends in time of grief,
 When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
 Not one so sure can bring relief,
 As this best friend, a brimmer.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *To old Sir Simon the King.*

VALOUR the stronger grows,
 The stronger liquor we'er drinking:
 And how can we feel our woes,
 When we've lost the trouble of thinking?

Mac.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Green sleeves.*

SINCE laws are made for every degree,
 To curb vice in others as well as in me,
 I wonder we ha'nt better company,
 Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the sting;
 And if rich men, like us, were to fwing,
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string,
 Upon Tyburn tree.

MACHEATH.

Tune, *Lumps of pudding.*

THUS I stand, like the Turk, with his doxies
 around;
 From all sides their glances his passion confound;
 For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
 And the different beauties subdue him by turns.
 Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires:
 Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
 But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow.
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
 But think of this maxim, &c.

From

From the
WATERMAN, or First of August.

Mrs BUNDLE.

MY counsel take, or else I'll make
 The house too hot to hold you ;
 Be rul'd, I pray, I'd something say,
 Did I e'er rout or scold you ?

But spite to wreak, on one so meek,
 Who never raves or flies out ;
 On me, who am like any lamb :
 Oh ! I could tear your eyes out.

BUNDLE.

I JUST as eagerly as thee,
 Thought when I got a wife,
 My joy of course so great would be,
 It needs must last for life ;
 When she agreed to tie the knot,
 I thought of nothing else ;
 Then all was glee,
 'Twixt her and me,
 Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
 When ding-dong went the bells.

But, ah ! our joys were fleeting soon,
 Words that did sweetly fall,
 Ere we had pass'd the honey-moon,
 To wormwood turn'd and gall ;

Wha

Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out of flaming cells,
 You now may see,
 In her and me ;
 We fight, and scold, and both repent,
 That ding-dong went the bells.

Mrs BUNDLE.

WILELMINA, you see I'm quite cool,
 Obey me, 'tis all for your good ;
 Or may I be counted a fool,
 If I own you for my flesh and blood.
 Prefer such a lout, miss, for shame,
 To Robin so spruce and so trim ;
 But your father it is that's to blame,
 And so I shall e'en talk to him.

WILELMINA.

TOO yielding a carriage,
 Has oft before marriage,
 To ruin and misery pointed the way :
 You're shunn'd, if complying,
 But your lover once flying,
 How eager he'll follow and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
 Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
 If I wish to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife ;
 Each lover's denial,
 Was only a trial,
 Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

TUG.

T U G.

INDEED, miss, such sweethearts as I am,
 Ifancy you'll meet with but few;
 To love you more true, I defy 'em,
 I always am thinking of you.

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
 Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue;
 But instead of all these were there twenty,
 I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
 And only have pleasure in view;

Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unless to get money for you.

The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
 Is not to the moon half so true;

Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

R O B I N.

CHERRIES and plumbs are never found
 But on the plumb and cherry tree;
 Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
 So Wilelmina's made for me.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,
 Shreds to keep close the straggling tree;
 The knife to prune, to dig the spade,
 So Wilelmina's made for me.

WIL.

W I L E L M I N A.

GIRLS, during courtship, should, at least,
 No lover trust, but doubt him;
 But when they've sworn before the priest,
 Then find no fault about him.

Who venture all upon a stake,
 Undone, if they miscarry;
 The risks they run, from each mistake,
 Behoves them to be wary.

From LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

R O S S E T T A.

Tune, *Let ambition, &c.*

H O P E, thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy;
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

L U C I N D A.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind;
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

B O T H.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
 Deal out pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

Y O U N G

YOUNG MEADOWS.

OH, had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain!
 In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
 My sheep upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know;
 Ye envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low?

ROSSETTA.

GENTLE youth, ah, tell me why
 Still you force me thus to fly?
 Cease, oh, cease, to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear,
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go, and never see me more.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

STILL in hope to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try:
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.
 Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
 Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself a slave.

HAWTHORN.

Tune, *A friar went a hunting.*

THERE was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee;
 He work'd and sung, from morn 'till night,
 No lark more blithe than he.
 And thus the burthen of his song
 For ever us'd to be;
 I care for nobody, not I,
 If no one cares for me.

HAWTHORN.

Tune, *From the east breaks the morn.*

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

M

HAW.

HAWTHORN.

THE honest heart where thoughts are clear,
 From fraud, disguise, and guile;
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing;
 What more than mirth would mortals have?
 The chearful man's a king.

HODGE.

WELL, well, say no more,
 Sure you told me before;
 I know the full length of my teather?
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school?
 I can spell you and put you together.
 A word to the wife,
 Will always suffice,
 Adsniggers go talk to your parrot;
 I'm not such an elf,
 Tho' I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

LUCINDA.

Tune, Dearest creature of all nature.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 What is grandeur? foe to rest;
 Childish mummary at best;
 Happy I in humble state,
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

MARGERY.

Tune, *O the broom.*

HOW happy were my days till now;
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the silly, silly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

EUSTACE.

THINK, my fairest, how delay
 Danger ev'ry moment brings;
 Time flies swift, and will away;
 Time that's ever on its wings:

Doubting, and suspense, at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

LUCINDA.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die,
 Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.

How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who ancient virginity 'scapes:
 'Twere better on earth,
 Have five brats at a birth,
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was froward
 and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast:
 When hugg'd and hawl'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd;
 But though the vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it again:
 Then

Then hoity toity,
 Whisking, frisking,
 Green was her gown upon the grass;
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

EUSTACE.

Tune, Ask if yon damask rose be sweet.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
 To sensual pleasures range:
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

LUCINDA.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh, may it ne'er expire!

BOTH.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave;
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

OH, how shall I in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell!
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,
 That cruel word, farewell!

M 3

Fare

Fare—but know tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray;
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

ROSSETTA.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid;
 Would you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake;
 Sure my tender heart would break.

HAWTHORN.

Tune, *Let me wander not, &c.*

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
 And if for summer you wou'd seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type:
 But, when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart was winter cold.

HODGE,

HODGE.

Tune, *The threshers' dance.*

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?
 Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
 mind what I say;
 You've chose a wrong person for playing your
 tricks on:
 So pack up your alls, and be trudging away:
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot;
 S'blood must I stand prating with you here all
 day?
 I've got other matters to mind;
 Mayhap you may think me an ass;
 But to the contrary you'll find
 A fine piece of work by the mass!

ROSSETTA.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair;
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.
 Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go;
 In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe!

MARGERY.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther
 I'll seek,
 But go up to town in waggon next week;
 A ser-

A service in London is no such disgrace,
 And register's office will get me a place:
 Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
 friend;
 Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end:
 Then why should not I the same maxim pursue?
 And better my fortune as other girls do.

HAWTHORN.

THE world is a well furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promise'ously set;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge while some scarce have a taste;
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

ROSSETTA.

THE traveller benighted,
 And lead thro' weary ways;
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys.
 The rising prospects viewing,
 Each look is forward cast;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

HODGE.

HODGE.

Tune, *St Patrick's day.*

A Plague of those wenches, they make such a
pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry, he's unkind in his carriage:

What tho' he speaks them ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on:

You cannot persuade 'em,

Till promise you've made 'em;

And after they've got it,

They tell you—add rot it!

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:

And then, to be sure, Sir,

There is but one cure, Sir,

And all their discourse is of marriage.

HAWTHORN.

Tune, *When Orpheus went down.*

I F ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,

That seat of confusion and noise,

May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,

Nor the pleasure the country enjoys.

Nay, more, let them take me, to punish my sin,

Where gaping the Cockneys they fleece;

Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters,
walk in,

And shew me for two-pence a piece.

Ros-

ROSSETTA.

GO, naughty man, I can't abide you;
 Are then your vows so soon forgot?
 Ah, now I see if I had try'd you,
 What would have been my hopeful lot.
 But here I charge you—make them happy;
 Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
 Come be a dear and good-natur'd pappy;
 And I'll reward you with a kiss.

HAWTHORN.

HENCE with cares, complaints and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ:
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain;
 Drink a health to love and beauty,
 May they long in triumph reign.

From the

HONEST YORKSHIREMAN.

ARBELLA.

GENTLE Cupid! seek my lover,
 Waft a thousand sighs from me;
 All my tender fears discover,
 Bid him haste!——
 O bid him haste, and set me free.

AR.

ARBELLA.

Tune, *In vain, dear Chloe, &c.*

SHALL I stand still, and tamely see
 Such Smithfield bargains made of me?
 Is not my heart my own?
 I hate, I scorn their clownish 'squire;
 Nor lord, or duke, do I desire,
 But him I love alone.

GAY LOVE.

Tune, *The charms of Florimel.*

MY charming Arabell,
 To make thee mine secure,
 What would I not endure?
 'Tis past the power of tongue to tell
 The love I bear my Arabell.

No human force shall quell
 My passion for my dear,
 Can love be too sincere?
 I'd sooner take of life farewell
 Than of my dearest Arabell.

GAY LOVE.

THAT man who for life is blest'd in a wife,
 Is sure in a happy condition;
 Go things how they will, she sticks by him still,
 She's comforter, friend, and physician.
 She's comforter, &c.

Pray

144 GLEES, CATCHES, &c.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
Yet dread some disaster from beauty?
But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
Where love mingles pleasure with duty,
Where love, &c.

One extravagant whore will cost a man more,
Than twenty good wives who are saving,
For wives they will spare, that their children may
share,
But whores are eternally craving.
But whores, &c.

ARBELLA.

IN vain you mention pleasure
To one confin'd like me:
Ah! what is wealth or treasure,
Compar'd to liberty?

O thou for whom I languish,
And dost the same for me,
Relieve a virgin's anguish,
And set a captive free.

ARBELLA.

LOVE's a gentle generous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,
When with mutual inclination
Two fond hearts in one unite,
Two fond hearts, &c.

What

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 157

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to thee,
Bless'd mulberry;
Matchless was he,
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:
All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands
that fight;
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs and the fairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well-letter'd
birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree:

O

Give

158 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

Balance a Straw.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I
disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox;
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;

As

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 159

As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tyger, &c.

In a word to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather ;
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he has, &c.

The Triumph of Ceres.

Tune, *What beauteous scenes inchant my sight.*

WHAT chearful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn !
Behold—the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn :
The nymphs and swains—a jovial band !
Still shouting as they come ;
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the harvest home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
Within the bar are stor'd ;
The careful hind, with secret joy,
Exulting, views his hoard :
His labours past—he counts his gains,
And, freed from anxious care,
His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;
All ply the spicy bowl ;
And jests, and harmless merriment,
Expand the artless soul ;

160 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
Who still reap'd by his side;
And plights his troth, if she proves kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years
Their toilsome task they tend;
The hind successive labours bears,
In prospect of the end:
In spring, or winter, sows his seed,
Manures, or tills the soil;
In summer, various cares succeed,
But harvest crowns his toil!

Totterdown-hill.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there still;
Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
They kept a small farm and a mill:
But fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile nor of arts;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.
Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
Her eyes were as black as a floe;
Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her
gait;
And sleek was her skin as a doe:
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of true blue could be 'spy'd;
A child wet and cold, came and knock'd at the
door,
Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 161

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him, and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her prize?
 Why Love, the sly master of hearts;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropt his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but oh! be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make stoop at my will,
 So good and so kind have you been my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill:
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my quiver, and shoot, be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown hill.

Folly.

MAKE room, my good neighbours, of every
 degree,
 My name it is Folly, who does not know me? I
 Of high ones, and low ones, of great and of small,
 I've been the companion, and friend of you all:
 Wherever I come, I drive away care,
 And if there's a croud, I'm sure to be there.
 I'm here, and there,
 And every where,
 All know me—all know me—
 Where'er I come,
 Nobody's dumb;
 Prating, prancing,
 Singing, dancing:
 Running o'er with mirth and glee.

162 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

From country elections, I gallop'd post haste,
 For there I am always the most busy guest;
 And whether it be in the country or town,
 I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown:
 The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
 If I do not sweeten, breed nothing but gall.
 I'm here, and there, &c.

The statesman, without me, unhappy wou'd be,
 No lady, so chaste, but gallants it with me;
 The gravest of faces, who physic the land,
 For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand;
 At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,
 And clap in the gallery, the boxes and pit.
 I'm here, and there, &c.

The Biter bit.

WHEN Strephon to Chloe made love, his
 pretence

'Twas all but a sham; his chief aim was her
 pence:

For twelve thousand pounds the sly gypsy did pass,
 And he topt as much with an impudent face.

And thus, for a while they both lay on the catch,
 Till at length they consented, and struck up a
 match;

ut soon to their cost, for all their deep wit,
 e found himself trapt—she found herself bit.

uch wedlock's a banter, the wise make no doubt,
 nd those that get in, would be glad to get out:
 'was ever confess'd, since the world first began,
 our fortunes are bites, and so bite as bite can.

Soldier

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 163

Soldier and citizen, lawyer and 'squire,
Both sexes for money each other admire:
All spread out their snares, in hopes to trapan,
The world's all a cheat, & so cheat as cheat can.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay:
And Sundays dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
Well rest him; we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause,

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone;
Egad I've a tongue, and I paid him his own.
Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd

Stand firm to our charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
This time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his
dart,

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown

164 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance,
I still love a tune, though unable to dance :
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others, I once did myself.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair & famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chops and thus the knight address'd.

A I R.

(A lovely lass to a friar came.)

O rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force, combin'd,
Should from my fury save thee.

Re-

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 165

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchmen's palate:
Then how much more thy taste doth exceed
Soup meagre, frogs and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
And in small streams along the pavement stole;
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foote's minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite?
Begar it be de roast beef from Londre;
Oh! grant to me von littel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies,
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray;
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread;

Soon

166 MISCELLANEONS SONGS.

Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

A I R.

(Ellen a Reon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy fight is,
My joy that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls, runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah! hard-hearted Lewy!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows more kind would have sav'd me from
starving.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawny sat,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside,
With lifted hands he blest his native place,
Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

(The broom of Cowden Knows.)

How hard, O Sawny! is thy lot,
Who was so blyth of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great.
O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown,
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down.

Ah

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 167

Ah Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,
And whips and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

(Roast beef of Old England.)

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling & straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For

168 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable,
O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

The Macaroni.

COME listen all and you shall hear,
Of all the beauties that appear,
And move on fashion's motley sphere,
The fat, the lean, the boney;
The boast, the glory of the age,
How young and old can now engage;
Each master, miss, and parent sage,
Is now a macaroni.

Each tries the other to out-vie,
With foretops mounting to the sky;
And some you oft with tails may 'spy,
As thick as any poney;
Insipid gait, affected sneer,
With side curls high above the ear,
That each may more the ass appear,
Or shew the macaroni.

Each doctor's now become a prig,
That us'd to look so wise and big,
With stiffen'd shirts and swinging wig,
That got him all his money:
They've all thrown off the grave disguise,
Which made each quaking owl look wise,
For tails of whip the coachman's size,
To shew the macaroni.

The

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 169

The lawyer's too become a crop,
Instead of tails a Tyburn top ;
Alack-a-day ! each barber's shop
Now looks not half so funny,
As when the windows once were grac'd,
Where stately wigs in rows were plac'd ;
But these are days of wit and taste :
Huzza for macaroni !

The priest that once with rose and band,
With formal wig and hat in hand,
Sagacious phiz that might demand
A scrape from any toney ;
Behold him now all debonair,
With tiny hat and tortur'd hair,
And while he prattles to the fair,
He shews the macaroni.

The cits that us'd, like Jerry Sneak,
To dress and walk out once a week,
That durst not to their betters speak,
Are all grown jolly honies :
Each sneak is now a buckish blade,
When in the park, but talk of trade,
He thinks you mean him to degrade ;
Each cit's a macaroni.

Who would not live in days like these,
In days of jollity and ease,
There's no exception to degrees,
My lord and John are cronies ?
Each order and profession claim
An equal right, and equal fame,
For nothing's equal to the name
Of modern macaroni.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle,
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
 Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,
 Every heart with joy elating.
 With what pleasure are we 'spying,
 From the front and from the rear,
 Round us in the smoaky air,
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
 Then the groans of soldiers dying:-
 Just like sparrows, as it were,
 At each pop
 Hundreds drop,
 While the musquets prittle prattle:
 Kill'd and wounded
 Lie confounded:
 What a charming thing's a battle!
 But the pleasant joke of all
 Is when to close attack we fall;
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
 Horse and foot
 All go to't,
 Kill's the word both men and cattle;
 Then to plunder,
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle!

YE mortals, whom fancies & troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,
 Obey

Obeý the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
Obeý then the summons, to Lethe repair, }
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
The trouble in mind shall go cheerful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.
Obeý then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

The Wonderful Old Man.

Sung at the Grotto Gardens.

THERE was an old man, and tho' it's not
uncommon,
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some meat,
And, if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake in the day time, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

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'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when
he walk'd;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and
his chin.

Among other strange things that beset this good
yeoman,
He was marry'd, poor soul, & his wife was a woman;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm she was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks say, he was not very well;
But what was more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phy-
sician.

What pity! he died; yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath;
But peace to his bones that in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

Merry and Wife.

SINCE the world is surrounded with sorrow
and care,
And pleasure and pain we alternately share,
'Tis.

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'Tis wisdom to travel thro' life's chequer'd scene,
Nor distracted with pleasure, nor mop'd with the
spleen ;

And a proverb there is, that we ever should prize,
Which prudently bids us be merry and wise.

Tho' some have suppos'd that this life's but a jest,
They'll find to avoid all extremes is the best ;
If to pleasure and folly we eagerly run,
Too late we shall find we're by either undone ;
The sensible world ne'er good council despise,
But mind the old proverb—be merry and wise.

Whoever would wish to be happy and gay,
Should govern his passion with absolute sway ;
Nor too high, nor too low should we carry the sail,
Lest by either extreme, we of happiness fail :
This life's but a lott'ry—contentment's the prize ;
Then mind the old proverb—be merry and wise.

Winter.

WHEN the trees were all bare, not a leaf to
be seen,

And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
When all nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the rivers all bound by the frost :

When the peasant inactive stands shivering with
cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent lambs haste away to the fold,
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

174 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

In the yard when the cattle are cover'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must
thaw

Flakes of ice which she finds in the cream:
When the sweet country maiden as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
All the charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd
In a croud, round the embers are met;
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And ghosts till they are all in a sweat:
When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring
for food,

Or they silently rest on the-spray;
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire:
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-
prize,

We may live and no hardships endure;
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

The Way to Win Her.

A Way with your whining, your pining & sighing,
Your thoughts of retreating, bewailing and
dying; Be.

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Because, lack-a-day, your Delight on the Hill,
Has faintly deny'd to pronounce the—I will!
By this bottle, dear Neddy, this hand of a friend,
My advice do but follow, your grief soon will end.

You've land, and you've houses, you've finches
in store;

Your person is such as may vie with a score;
Then rise in the morning, ascend the green hill,
In hopes fully fraught of her saying—I will.
With your parchments, and vouchers, and finches
in need;

Then a bottle and dozen I hold you succeed!

To papa and mama be sure first apply,
Ere on the lov'd object you've darted an eye;
Let parchments, & vouchers, & finches be shewn,
Just name the word jointure, the prize is your own,
You'll discern a sweet change, if I boast any skill,
And as soon have the pleasure of hearing—I will.

Such schemes have been known to bear magnetic
powers,

In reigns less addicted to Plutus than ours;
To ladies themselves I appeal for the truth,
Those ladies who've seen the noon-tide of their
youth;

They'll determine with me, that the mode is quite
plain,

And hath always succeeded nine times out of ten.

Modesty's Cap.

AS Chloe, by a mirror, was decking her hair,
No nymph look'd so simple, yet lovely and
fair; The

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The graces perceiving, gave each one a tap,
And instantly deck'd her in modesty's cap.

That grace which to virtue is ever a guard,
Which men must admire, and the gods will
reward ;

Which vice's fell snares are too weak to entrap,
E'er beams in my Chloe with her modesty's cap.

Wherever she wanders, the croud all confess
They ne'er saw a nymph of such winning address;
E'en Sol when retir'd into Thetis's lap,
Will prate all the night of her modesty's cap.

One morning in saunt'ring to Chloe's abode,
(Yes—both had appointed to meet on the road;)
My poor silly heart never felt such a slap,
As when I beheld her in modesty's cap.

Believe me, ye maids, when I would you advise,
The finest sensations from modesty rise;
You'll fail not th' affections of men to entrap,
Deck your hearts and your heads but in modesty's
cap.

The Sailor's Return.

FROM ploughing the ocean, and thrashing
Monfieur,

In Old England we're landed once more ;
Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo boys,
what cheer,

For a sailor that's just come on shore ?

Those

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 177

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us, and slash us—morblieu!
But hold there, avast, they were plaguily out,
We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right;
The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A seafaring spark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gypsies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art, to persuade and the like;
But 'ware those false colours, for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

The

The Origin of English Liberty.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus amongst them was sat as a guest,
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.

On each in the synod the humorist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.

Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
Grows grievously tir'd of late;
He says that mankind are much worse than before,
So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.

Jove knowing the earth on Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
world,
And she hung it up high in her hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the plaything, review'd the
globe round,
To see what each climate was worth;
Like a di'moud, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,
And she variously planted the earth:

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What suited each clime, on each clime she be-
stow'd,
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 179

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit:

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n!
We will, while we've breath; nay we'll grasp it
in death,
Then return it untainted to heav'n.

Cotillon.

HAIL politeness, power divine!
Pleas'd we bend before thy shrine;
Studios of the true bon ton,
Lovers of the cotillon.

Flaunting belles and powder'd beaux,
Housewives drest in Sunday's cloths,
Spruce mechanics, old and young,
Learn to dance the cotillon.

Lawyers, doctors, leave their fees,
Careful but to dance at ease,
Nimble how they trip along,
In the charming cotillon.

High and low, rich and poor,
Think on humble joys no more;
All with dancing madness stung,
Dote upon the cotillon.

Bath and Tunbridge wells, adieu!
Now no more we think on you;
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd the cotillon.

The

The Winter of Life.

IN spring, my dear shepherds, your flow'rets
 are gay;
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of
 May;
 But hang down their heads when December draws
 near;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er the
 plains,
 All, all are in love while the summer remains;
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love is when youth's in its prime;
 Ye lads and ye lasses make use of your time:
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

Heart of Oak.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
 steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year:
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
 men;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady;

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 193

Who thus address'd the monarch with a smile,
Behold, he cry'd, behold Britannia's isle!

A I R.

(We'll humble the pride and the glory of France.)

There, strong as their oaks, the bold Britons appear,
With health on their cheeks, and replete with good cheer,
No danger they know, for what nation dare boast,
Save the bullies of France, an attempt on their coast?

But now 'tis in vain, Sir, take care of your own;
Beware of your person—beware of your throne.

Behold! where the Briton fatigu'd with his toils,
O'er a sir-loin of beef, all his labours beguiles;
See the jug of strong beer that approaches his lip,
Such liquor a monarch of France cannot sip;
From a loaf of good wheat, Sir, he cuts with a glee,
Are the nobles of France half so happy as he?

R E C I T A T I V E.

The grand monarch enraptur'd with the sight,
Wak'd from his dream in hunger's keenest spite;
Despiche vous (he cry'd) apprend de beef,
De pain, de beer, from that one English dese.
When lo! before his eyes, with meagre looks,
Pale want and famine—waited as his cooks.

A I R.

Foot's Minuet.

Pardonnez moi (says want, in a flutter,)
Et moi ause (says famine, so thin.)

R

Vat

794 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Vat is you mutter, eh ! vat is you splutter,
 Bring me, says Louis, come bring de beef in.
 O mon grand monarch of all de grand vorld,
 You be de greatest prince in verite,
 But me must tell you plain,
 Dat you may rave in vain,
 There's no English beef for your great majestie.

Rule, Britannia.

WHEN Britain first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main ;
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall :
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all,
 Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root the tender oak.
 Rule, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
 And work their woe, by thy renown.
 Rule, &c.

To

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 195

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main,
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true;
And would not commit a base action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

196 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

When terrible tempests assail us,
The mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of state,
Than we, who to politicks strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature.
In various blessings we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

From the Winter Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught,
What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes,
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

The

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 197

The giant, ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open your door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we see are the passions we
feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind ;
My dog follows every strange heel in the streets,
And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets ;
Yet in spite of her arts I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease ;
Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the same as another to me :
So in spite of her airs I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine
For false-hearted gypsies they title divine ;
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask ;
For go things how they will I'll not make the
least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

198 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

The girl that behaves with good humour & sense,
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence;
And for those that would jilt me, deceive, & betray,
In honefter bumpers I'll wash them away.
'Tis my final resolve not to make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart;
For once attentive be awhile,
To what I now impart;
Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow;
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lover's breast;
And you by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest;
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
Assume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:

The

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 199

The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear spadille,
Your innocence perplex:
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide;
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware:
His love with kind compliance meet;
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

The Choice.

THRO' city, town, and village, my fancy long
has rov'd,

A Phillis, or a Chloe, I've every where a love;
But now in reality to marry I'm inclin'd,
If fortune will but grant me a damsel to my mind.

It should not be my study to court a loaden purse.
Altho' with that ingredient she would not be the
worse;

Let modesty for ever be her property and choice,
Not over fond to cloy me, nor yet be over nice.

I'd have a just decorum in all her actions shine,
With a temper condescending to suit itself with
mine; With

200 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

With a cheerful disposition, and her humour free
and gay,
And sometimes with a sonnet to pass an hour away.

An animated mind, where sense & sweetness move,
And innocence refining the tenderness of love :
From scolding and from scandal I'd have her to be
free,

And always neat and clean keep herself and family.

No matter for complexion, the black, the brown,
the fair,

If she have but discretion, and neatness in her air ;
Her person I'd have graceful, to pride and folly
blind,

For nothing more there's needful to decorate the
mind.

To heighten my affection, and double all my joys,
I'd have her, which is natural, bring pretty girls
and boys ;

To the poor I'd have her char'table and hospita-
ble too,

For out of what I have, part to them I would allow.

This granted—I would freely my liberty resign,
If she'd give me her heart and hand, I'd freely
give her mine :

As a monarch on his throne, unrival'd I should be,
Who would not be in paradise with such a girl as
she ?

The Maid's Choice.

SINCE fortune is attendant upon the marriage
state,
And from the touch of Hymen our happiness we
date ;

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 201

If fortune has ordain'd me to be a married wife,
The picture I will draw of the partner of my life.

The fop, the beau, the fribble my fancy ne'er could
take,

Nor could I much admire the rattle-headed rake:
To guide himself from insults, I'd have him bold
and brave,

And wink at little follies which I may chance to
have.

No pretty flashing zealot, whose passion soon may
cool,

No hypocrite to cheat me, nor domineering fool;
But affably and candidly share all my joy and care,
In giving his prerogative in family affairs.

His person in proportion and more robust than fine,
Unto a sort of careless ease & deportment to incline;
In all his lawful dealings let honour still preside,
Frugality, œconomy, and temperance his guide.

His conversation fraught with refined sentiments,
Free from the pedant's stiffness & rude impertinence;
I'd have him to oblige me an inclination shew,
And strive to entertain me with something always
new.

His principles unlimited, his words most just and
found,

And one wherein the dictates of honesty is found:
I value not the glittering of honour's pageantry,
If plac'd above necessity, 'tis just enough for me.

If you can recommend me to such a youth as this,
I'll think myself arriv'd at the summit of all bliss:

My

202 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

My time, with such a partner, would sweetly
glide away,
And we would love each other like turtle doves
in May.

Plato's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain.
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie:
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore;
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train;
When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again:
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign, while here we stay;
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we must obey!

The

HUNTING SONGS. 203

The two following Hunting Songs were omitted in their proper place.

Sung by ACTÆA in the MAID of the OAKS.

COME, rouse from your trances !
 The fly morn advances,
 To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
 Let the horn's jocund note
 In the wind sweetly float,
 While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
 Now creeping,
 Now peeping,
 The fox from the brake lifts his head :
 Each away to his steed,
 Your goddesses shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 For the chace all prepare,
 See the hounds snuff the air,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloo !
 Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground ;
 Now they skim o'er the plain,
 Now they dart down the lane,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound ;
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound :
 Then away with full speed,
 Your goddesses shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop you're too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloo !
The

The Chace of the Hare.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of
 the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join:
 Thro' the wood and the valley,
 How the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;
 While hounds in full cry
 Thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chace the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steeds, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous, repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chacing the fox or the hare:
 For such comforts, my friend,
 On the sportsmen attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For when it is o'er,
 As brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

F I N I S.



E R R A T U M.

Page 112, the line

dice is strong:

instead of being below, should be above the line

A stranger why will you despise?

